WEEK ENDING AUG. 13, 1932

Liberty

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...ica's Best Read Weekly

BEN HECHT - REX BEACH - ELMER DAVIS - GRACE PERKINS - ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The next best thing to driving with the Chief, is to drive with the new Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline.

The U. S. Government specifies this same type of motor fuel "for ambulances, fire-engines and emergency vehicles."

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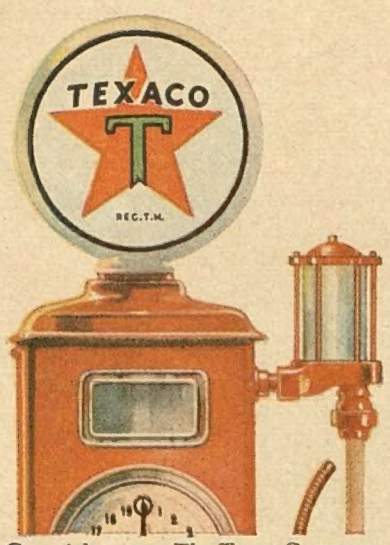

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TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE

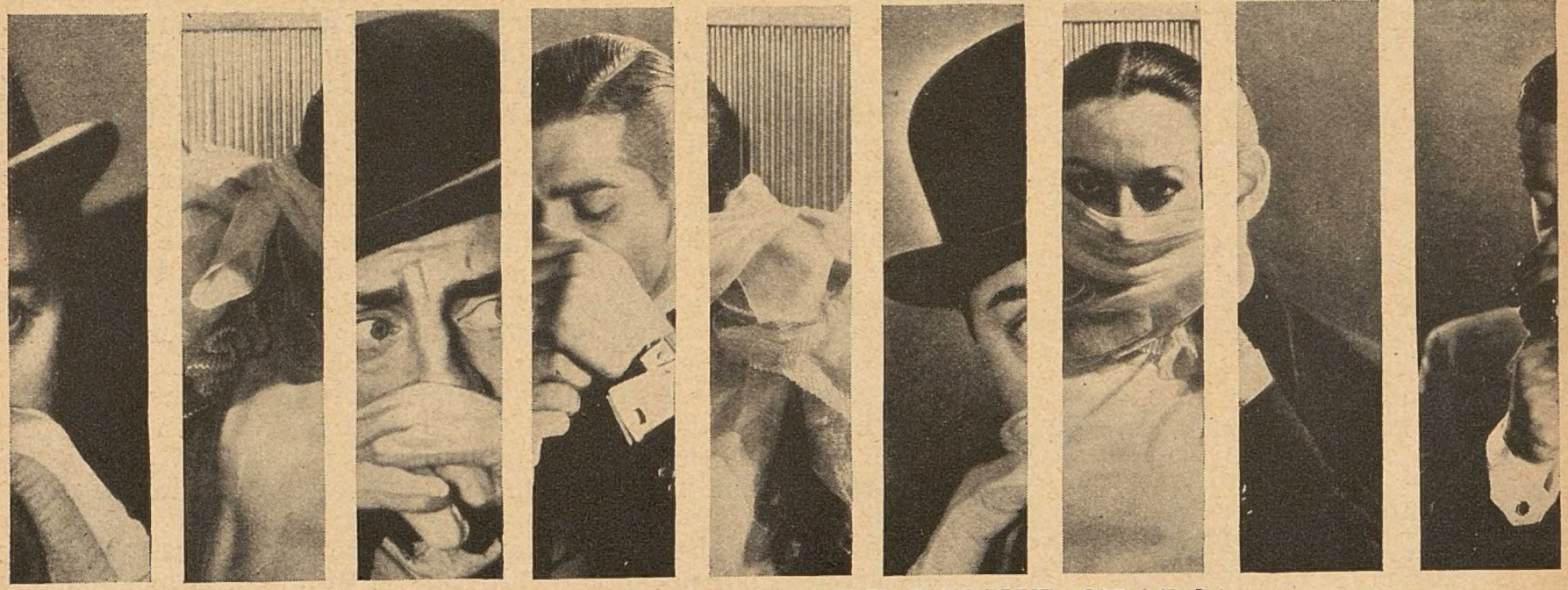
Developed for fire engines---Yours at no extra price

$2,500 IN CASH

FOR SOLVERS OF THE NEW

MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

LIBERTY WILL PAY 254 SUBSTANTIAL CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS SUBMITTED IN THIS ENTERTAINING NEW CONTEST FOR THE IDENTIFICATION OF MOVIE STARS. CASH IN ON YOUR FAMILIARITY WITH THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WELL KNOWN PLAYERS.



WHO ARE THESE THREE MOVIE STARS?

HOW well do you know your movie folk? How easily can you recognize them? Can you recognize them by profile as well as full face? Can you identify them by their eyes, their smile, their chin, their hair, or a combination of some of these features with others obscured? Then this new contest will prove a delightful test for you—and quite likely bring you some easy money as well!

Here's how to do it. Cut apart the nine strips printed above and assemble them into the portraits of three well known movie players. Then identify each picture. This will put you well on your way toward some of the prize money.

Next week Liberty will print three more scrambled portraits and will continue each week until thirty have appeared. Do not send in any portraits until your set of thirty is complete. This is important! Incomplete sets will not be considered nor can their return be undertaken.

CROSS WORD CONTEST WINNERS!

Lack of space prevents publication on this page of the winners of the June 25 Cross Word awards. They will be published at the first opportunity. Watch for them.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

NEXT WEEK—SET NO. 2 IN $2,500 MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST!

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

AUGUST 13, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 33

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by B. McCOWEN

NOW FOR THE GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE

Well, the fight is on!

Hoover is the Republican standard bearer. The Republicans want the people to decide what shall be done with the prohibition question.

Roosevelt stands on a plank that is definitely wet; there is no equivocation—no pussyfooting. The Democratic Party is apparently willing to incur the associated risks.

And do not think for an instant that the drys are on the run. They are arming themselves to the teeth and they intend to make the fight of their lives. And the bootleggers will probably be standing on the side lines hurrahing for them, besides rendering confidential financial aid whenever possible.

It will be a great two-ring circus—this political campaign. And for the first time we shall have an opportunity to have a big fight between the wets and the drys in our greatest political arena. Let us hope that prohibition as a political question will be settled for all time.

Both parties are in favor of lowering the expenses of our government. The monumental increase of federal expenses within the last few years has played no small part in bringing about the depression. The necessity for taxes of an unparalleled nature has made business men curtail their activities. If one of the great parties had demanded that the expenses of the federal government be reduced to what they were before the war, we would then have something to shoot at.

The Federation of American Business maintains that the Washington bureaucracy is slowly but surely robbing the states of their constitutional rights, and if there is not some restriction put on this centralization of governmental activities the governments of the various states will cease to function in matters of real importance. And the enormous cost of the federal government is due largely to these bureaucratic changes.

It is contended, furthermore, that this represents a revolutionary change in our governmental system for which there is no authorization, constitutional or otherwise; that the voters of the country have had no opportunity to express an opinion in reference to it.

Governmental expense is of interest to no one until the taxes begin to pick our pockets too liberally. High taxes scare business executives. They add to the cost of business promotion, lessen profits, and discourage creative activities.

But prohibition will be in the limelight. Many other factors that ought to be far more important will be given but little attention. The campaign speeches will soon be heard everywhere; street-corner orators, radio celebrities, and important political figures will be appealing for attention.

More than ever people will vote not for a party but for the candidate or the principles that he advocates. And that is as it should be. When people vote blindly for a political party, ballots have but little meaning.

In this campaign people should do their own thinking. Vote for the men who stand squarely and fearlessly on a platform that appeals to you. Intelligently directed ballots can save us from governmental evils.

The Republican Party appears to be satisfied with its candidate. The Democrats are apparently well united. Therefore, we may expect a dramatic campaign—one of the most interesting and bitterly contested political battles that this country has seen for generations.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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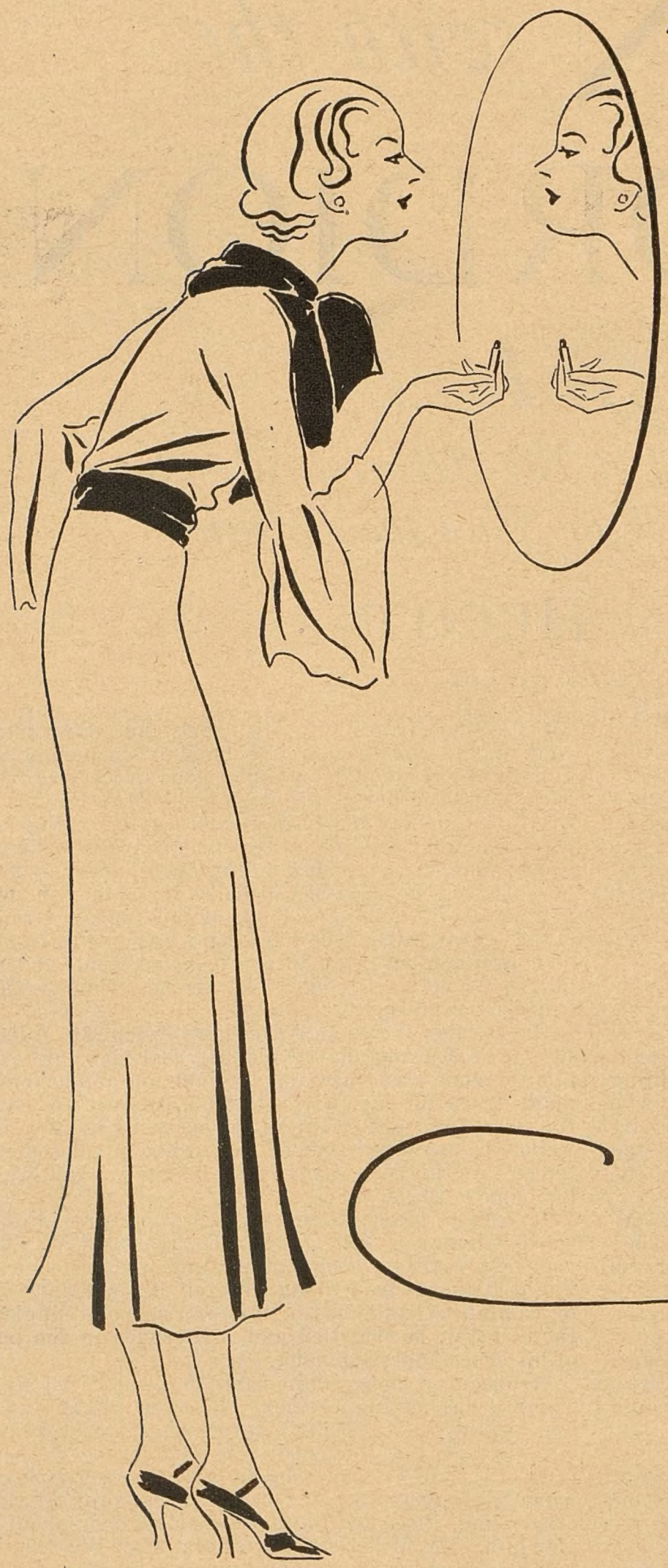
Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $4.00 a year.
In Continental Europe and British Isles, $6.00 a year. In all other countries, $10.00 a year.
No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

A girl must seek safety

AS WELL AS THRILLS



The news is on every smart girl's lips . . . proclaimed in vivid loveliness . . . "Coty has a *grand* new Lipstick—and it's only 55c!"

There's thrill after thrill in this new Coty Lipstick. Its safe indelibility—a thrill in itself! Its greater permanence, smoother consistency and silken texture . . . its extraordinary price. Here at last, you will discover, is the wonder-Lipstick!

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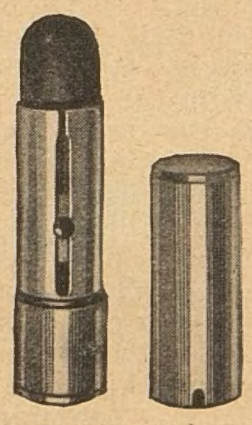
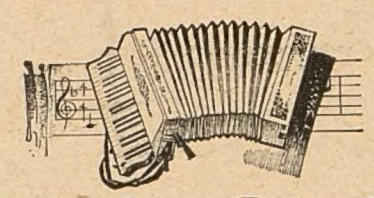


NEW! SMART, INDELIBLE LIPSTICK FIFTY-FIVE CENTS!

The MYSTERY *of the* MAN *with the* ACCORDION



The Strange Tale of a Big-Hearted Wanderer Who Came Back to Face the Music

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE times being what they are, an extended description of all of Joe Miller's troubles is a bit unnecessary. Mr. Miller, a very fine fellow, a first-class ironworker, plumber, mechanical expert, and prize-puzzle answerer, was out of a job. Need I say more?

Mr. Miller, who is telling me this story, insists that I need. His troubles, says Mr. Miller argumentatively, were such as don't happen to everybody; were peculiar and unreasonable. I'm afraid that this is just egoism on Mr. Miller's part.

But looking at him, at his still youthful face, his strongly muscled body, his good health, his straightforward, honest citizenship, and his rather intelligent eyes, I can see why his troubles seem to him in retrospect a bit fantastic. For seven months Mr. Miller, with an ailing child at home, a nervous wife who loved him but who couldn't help getting nervous anyway, and a mother-in-law who was very unhappy over the way things had turned out—for seven months Mr. Miller swam the streets of New York looking for a job.

Never did an honest, healthy, upstanding citizen encounter such peculiar difficulties, says Mr. Miller in his own way. After three months of idleness (the word was his mother-in-law's) the Miller bank account had disappeared. Rent fell due rather monotonously on the first of each succeeding month. The natural appetite for food continued in the Miller ménage. And the general look of things was such that the mother-in-law, Mrs. Langweiler, was convinced that all four of them would starve to death or be carted off to the poorhouse.

Despite all Mr. Miller's insistence, I'm going to skip the really depressing part of the story. Mr. Miller kept track in a diary of all the places he went to in quest of work, and seemingly can remember every rebuff he received verbatim. It's obvious that Mr. Miller grew a bit truculent about the whole thing as the months went by, and that he was beginning to sneer at civilization, read the newspapers with derision, and look a little gaunt.

But I'll skip all that and come to the spring morning which found Mr. Miller at his rope's end. Four months' rent unpaid had brought the landlord in person to the humble Miller flat. The neighborhood grocery stores had declared the Miller credit at an end. Mrs. Langweiler's insurance money had been reduced to zero, the money Mr. Miller had raised on his own insurance policy had been squandered, as Mrs. Langweiler put it, and when he woke that morning Mr. Miller entertained some vague notions about robbing a bank or holding up a railroad train. Mrs. Miller, who had been a rather pretty blonde stenographer once, lay in the bed and wept, and all in all the whole scene looked like an American version of Gorki's Lower Depths.

But because it was an American version Mr. Miller got up out of bed and shaved himself, looked wildly around him for some breakfast, and, finding none and hearing too many tears for his peace of mind, dressed and started for the street. Asked where he was going by Mrs. Langweiler, he answered that he was going to get something today. At this Mrs. Langweiler laughed. And Mr. Miller banged the door.

It was a pleasant enough morning, providing you weren't hungry. The thing to do, reasoned Mr. Miller, was keep walking, keep looking, and perhaps something might happen. And though he felt himself surrounded by calamities, bedeviled by misfortunes, and singled out for disaster, he whistled and, with holes in the bottom of his shoes, marched along.

He marched along till he came to lower Fifth Avenue. The sun was getting warmer. The street glittered almost appetizingly to Mr. Miller. Inside the stores were people without hats on—obviously the Employed. It seemed fantastic that he alone should be without Employment when there were so many others who weren't. On the other hand, it seemed fantastic that anybody should employ him. Mr. Miller assures me that when you're hungry, and have been without a job for seven months, and have left an ailing child and a weeping wife behind in a flat out of which the landlord has promised to evict you in another three days, the thought of anyone actually giving you a job begins to seem unreasonable.

HE finds a big one that's got more trimmings than a Christmas tree and he starts playing In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

"You get pessimistic," says Mr. Miller. "And you start making faces."

It was getting near noon, that magic hour which Mr. Miller had once known as lunch time, and, looking up, Mr. Miller beheld the Public Library. His relation to literature at the moment, however, consisted of a wonder as to whether the place could use another janitor. Pausing, he weighed the possibility and gave it up, resumed his whistling and marched along.

I forgot to mention that Mr. Miller didn't have a dime in his pocket.

"I was walking like that," says Mr. Miller, "looking up at the buildings, and remembering old jobs I used to have, and figuring on going as far as the employment agencies on Sixth Avenue and seeing what might turn up there, when I stopped in front of a candy store and decided to have a smoke. I had this one cigarette I'd been saving. So I took it out of the vest and looked at it. Most of the tobacco had run out already. And I figured if I saved it up any longer there wouldn't be anything left of it to smoke.

WELL [I'm going to let Mr. Miller tell the rest of the story so that it won't run too long], I put the cigarette in my mouth. I take out a match. I got one match, so help me. And I'm just going to light it when somebody says to me right alongside, at the window, "Got a light, sir?"

I don't know why, but this request frightened the pants off me. And I turn around, holding the match, and it goes out. I see a little fella, very elegant-looking, with a derby, and a stickpin in his tie, and a cane.

"No," I say to him; "that was my last match."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAN WITH THE ACCORDION

Continued from page seven

"Oh, really," he says. "I'm sorry." And he looks at a big cigar he's holding. I look at it too. I ain't smoked a cigar in five months at that time, and I got to control myself from grabbing it out of his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," I says. "This cigarette's no good anyway."

And I throw it away. Why, I don't know. All I can think of is that this fella, from the way he looks, is somebody pretty important, or at least a fella with plenty of jack. I mean, he's the employer type. You can see that. And I start thinking kind of dizzy what his racket is and if he could use a plumber, or a handy man even. But while I'm looking at him, studying him, as I said, he smiles and says very politely:

"Have a cigar?"

I TAKE the cigar and stick in it my mouth. It tastes so good I got to control myself from eating it.

"We'll get a light in here," he says and starts for a store around the corner. So I follow him and I get a light with him and we walk out together. By this time I got a feeling that this fella is a multimillionaire at least.

Well, we start walking together—sort of strolling, both of us puffing at the perfectos—and we're back on Fifth Avenue. I couldn't figure out just what we were doing or why. But from the way he was acting it looked like we were buddies. I mean, I feel that he's kind of friendly. I look him over again, though, to make sure I ain't being kidded or I ain't kidding myself about his being a millionaire. He was wearing a gray suit and a gray tie and some different kind of shoes, but mostly he was all in gray, including a handkerchief sticking out of his upper coat pocket. I figured him for about forty-five, and that's about all I could figure.

"It's a magnificent day," he says. And I nod. "Springtime in New York," he says, "is quite beautiful. I prefer this avenue to any in the world—for this month."

It was a pretty hot show, and Bessie was a litt

Well, that's O. K. with me. All avenues look pretty much alike to me for the last seven months. But I kind of control myself from making any sarcastic cracks and just nod. I take a big puff on the cigar and almost pass out, I'm so faint. Then I get sore, figuring maybe he's got an idea I'm a panhandler and figures on slipping me a dollar or something. But the minute I get sore about this all I can think of is asking him for a buck, like I *was* a panhandler. When I realize how little a dollar means to him and what I could do with it, well, I have to hang on to myself plenty. And all I did was grin at what he calls a magnificent day. So with that we both of us walk along like a couple of pals with nothing much to do, except we ain't dressed alike and by the time we've gone fifty feet I'm feeling like a bum that's just rolled out of a box car. But he don't seem to mind, and I decide to control myself and just kind of float.

"I'm going in here," he says, pointing to a music store on Forty-second Street. "If you've got time I'd like your help."

This sounds kind of sarcastic, but I let it go.

"Sure," I says. "I got nothing much to do."

"Oh," he says, "that's lucky," and we walk into the big music store.

Well, it turns out that this fella wants to buy an accordion, but a good one. So I go with him into a small glass-inclosed room where a clerk starts shoveling accordions into his lap and he starts trying them out one at a time. And finally he finds a big one that's got more trimmings on it than a Christmas tree, and he says that's the baby for him. Then he asks the clerk to sit down while he tries it out, and he starts playing In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, which he plays right through and follows it up with In the Good Old Summer Time. I can see he ain't much of a musician, but I never see anybody so nuts about an accordion. He looks at me and laughs every time he gets a note to come out right, and finally he asks me if I wanna play it. I have to tell him no, on account of not being any good with musical instruments, and I got to control myself from telling him I'm a plumber and an ironworker or a handy man around an automobile.

WELL, he makes the purchase but won't let the clerk wrap it up, and we walk out of the store after he pays for it, he toting his goofy accordion into the street like he was a strolling beggar and going to try to raise some pennies with it.

"That's a lot of money," I got to say, although I try to stop myself. "Sixty bucks for an accordion! Holy smoke!"

"It's a bargain," he says. "Look at the work on it. The best I ever owned in my life before was a five-dollar one."

"Did you learn on that?" I ask him.

"Yes," he says; "when I was a kid, about thirty years ago, I used to play one. But not like this. No, sir!" And he gives the thing a squeeze so that twenty people turn around and grin at us.

shocked. But the little fella enjoyed it.

Well, I'm pretty nervous, and on account of sucking on that cigar I'm just about tottering with hunger. And everything kind of gets you upset when you're in such a mood, you know. I get to feeling that everybody's looking at us and figuring we're a couple of beggars, me with a tin cup in my hand. The fella starts playing the goofy thing softly.

"Which way you going?" I ask him, and I guess I must have sounded pretty sore, because he stopped playing that damn' thing. "I don't know," he says. "I got no place in particular to go."

AND we both stand still on the corner. I don't know what to say. You can't come right out and ask a guy for a job who's treating you like a social friend. On the other hand, I'm pretty desperate, and I think, quick as a flash, what I'll have to tell the old lady—that's the mother-in-law—and what she'll have to tell me. On account she's got the theory that the reason I don't hook up with some work is that I ain't got the initiative. Well, I'm just ribbing myself up to start talking when he takes the play away from me.

"I was looking for some place to live," he says. "Do you happen to know any place?"

"It all depends," I says. "There's lots of hotels."

"I hate hotels," he says. "They bore me. What I would like," he says, "is a room in a private home."

"Yeah?" I says. And then, just to be sociable, I ask him how much he would care to pay for such a room. So he says that money was no object. He'd pay any amount.

"Maybe you've got an extra room in your home?" He looks up at me while we're walking.

"Who—me?" I says. And I look down at him. Imagine bringing a guy like that home, cane and accordion, and dressed like a millionaire, and putting him in the mother-in-law's bed!

"I would invite you," I says very sarcastically, "but things have been pretty tough at the house."

"That's all right," he says. "They're pretty tough all over. I don't mind, really."

And he raises his cane and yells, "Taxi!"

"Come on," he says and jumps into the cab. Well, I climb in after him and we sit there. "What's your address?" he says. I give it to the driver and off we go. I just sit there looking at him, and all of a sudden he starts with that goofy accordion again and lets me have In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

I control myself and just sit looking at him. I mean, if a guy tries to get a rise out of me he's got to go some. I just look at him.

"The main thing I need is some practice," he says. "The bass is a little hard for me. I hope your wife won't object to my practicing."

I DON'T answer this at all and I keep my mouth shut for ten minutes while he practices. Then the whole thing strikes me as being so goofy I can't control myself any longer.

"Listen," I says. "What's the whole idea?"

"I beg your pardon?" he says.

"Don't beg my pardon," I says. "If you're nuts you can't help it. But I wanna know."

"I'm not nuts," he says. "At least, not categorically."

I didn't say anything. I don't like guys much who unwrap big words when you're talking sociably to them. Besides, I was getting dizzier with the cab bouncing around, and the cigar was almost ruining me. Try smoking when you haven't had a meal for a couple of days. It's fatal.

"I'm not nuts at all," he says after I keep my mouth shut for some time. "It just happens that I like your looks. And I'm a very nervous man. I figure that if I can get a room somewhere with some honest people and sit and practice it'll be good for my nervousness."

And before I can think up anything to say he hauls out a roll of bills and peels off fifty bucks and hands me the money.

Well, that money felt like a thousand angel kisses when I put my hands around it. I honestly stopped being hungry and I wanted to yell. But I controlled myself and says, "Nix. I can't take dough that I don't know what it's for."

"It's for a room," he says.

"The only extra room is where my mother-in-law sleeps," I says.

"I'm sure it'll be satisfactory," he says. "All I want is a place large enough to practice in. Is your wife a good cook?"

"She can cook O. K.," I says, "when there's anything to cook."

"That's fine," he says. "I like home cooking."

"What's your name?" I says. And he either don't hear me or he does, because he starts playing a new item on the accordion which I don't recognize.

"This is a waltz I heard in Vienna," he says, "but it needs a lot of work."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page nine

Well, I settled back and tried to think. Nuts or not nuts, what's the difference? I figure. It's a break. In the course of time we come to the house and I take him upstairs, and Bessie—that's the wife—almost falls dead when I finally get her to realize what's going on. As for the old lady, her ma, she starts squawking like a poodle when I order her to move her stuff into the dining room and that I've brought home this gentleman to live with us.

It does look peculiar, but I ain't got the wind to explain and the fella don't help me out any. He just sits down and keeps on with the accordion and says he's hungry. I give Bessie some of the money, which the old lady whispers out loud is counterfeit, and tell her to throw some food together; and Bessie ducks out and comes back with food, and the place turns into a boiler factory with cooking, cleaning, bed-making, and accordion-playing. It all seems terribly goofy, and I'm getting dizzier and dizzier, what with the smells from the kitchen, but I decide that it's all none of my business. If that's the way things want to go, let them go.

Well, we all sit down to eat, the kid included, and the old lady almost eats herself into a fit. I never see such stuffing. And this fella all through the meal keeps on talking. He tells the old lady about different restaurants he's been to, as if she could understand what he was saying. And gives Bessie about a dozen recipes for cooking that sound like he was used to eating at weddings.

Bessie is beside herself after we finish eating and are all in the kitchen washing the dishes. She wants to know who he is, and the old lady gets goofy because I can't figure out an answer. Finally the fella pops into the kitchen and says we all ought to go out and see a show tonight.

"It's my treat, you know," he says. "I understand the Follies is a good show. I'll get the tickets. Have you got a telephone?"

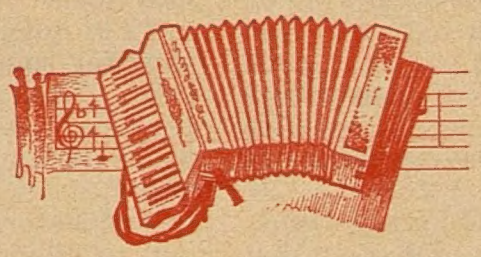
We ain't, so before we can stop him he puts on his derby and is out of the house.

The old lady laughs as soon as the door closes.

"Well, that's the last we'll ever see of that lunatic," she says.

"No," I says, "he's left the accordion. He'll be back."

We finish the dishes and are all sitting down looking at each other when the door opens and the fella busts in again, all excited. It seems he's got four tickets for the show in the front row. What's more, he's brought an old dame along with him to mind the kid while we're all away. Lucky for us Bessie knows the dame and is willing to leave the kid in charge of her.



WELL, it's the first show we've seen in a long time, and Bessie kept nudging me and the old lady kept scowling at the undressed girls, and then Bessie got to laughing so she got the hiccups, and we had some trouble with an usher. I mean we carried on like a lot of immigrants on account of everybody, except the little fella, being so upset and confused. And after the show he leads us over to a cabaret. The old lady refuses to go inside on account of the naked pictures she spots. But the little fella takes a shine to her and treats her like she was his own ma, bowing and steering her around by the elbow as if she couldn't walk by herself, and finally winning the argument without even raising his voice. It was a pretty hot show, I admit, and Bessie even was a little bit shocked. But the little fella enjoyed it so much we didn't say anything, not even the old lady. Except once, when he left the table for a few minutes, she leans over and whispers to me all of a sudden that he's a lunatic and will probably end by cutting all our throats when we're asleep.

Well, it's almost three o'clock when we get back to the house. The old lady insists we leave the bedroom door to the dining room open so we can rush to her help when he starts cutting her throat. Bessie is so excited from the shows and overeating she can't close her eyes. And me, I'm plain buffaloed. The three of us just lay there and waited, I don't know for what.

Well, he's up bright as a daisy around eight o'clock and we all have breakfast, and he says to me would I come along with him. He's going to pay a visit and he needs me. Just as soon as he says this I begin to feel something queer. A guy don't give away money for nothing. There was something in the wind, and he wanted me for a job—and not the kind of a job I would probably care very much about.

But I don't say a word, and Bessie looks frightened. Whatever the job is I'll do it and we both know that. So I kiss her good-by and I even kiss the old lady good-by and give Bessie the rest of the fifty bucks.

"What time should we expect you home?" Bessie asks as we're in the doorway.

I look at the fella and wait for him to answer.

"It all depends," he says, smiling at Bessie. "Probably for dinner. But don't worry if he's a little bit late."

"I won't," says Bessie and almost faints on the spot.

OUTSIDE the fella looks up at the sky and says again like he did yesterday:

"It's a magnificent day. We'll walk. Take it easy, eh?"

"Anything you say," I says. And after that I'm mum.

Well, we walk along for about an hour, and the little fella keeps smiling at me. When we hit Fifth Avenue he says he's tired and heads for an ice-cream soda fountain he knows. I don't feel much like going in, but I've made up my mind to take whatever comes, and I follow. We sit down and the little fella orders chocolate ice cream for both of us.

"Well," he says after we've been served, "it's high time I stopped being selfish and enjoying this thing all by myself."

"Yeah," I says, "I'd like to get let in."

"You asked me yesterday what my name was," he says. "My name is Mortimer Smith."

He looked at me hard while he said it, but Mortimer Smith meant nothing in my young life.

"Never read that name in the newspapers?" he says. "Just try to remember."

"Never read it," I says.

"Well," he says, "that's too bad. I was hoping for a climax with the name. Mortimer Smith," he says, "is the name of a fellow who embezzled almost a million dollars from the Smith-Vesley brokerage firm two years ago. As a matter of fact, it was only three hundred thousand. But the press insisted on calling it a million."

"And you're the guy?" I says.

"Himself," he says.

"O. K.," I says.

"Aren't you excited to be sitting with so great a criminal?" he says.

"Listen," I says. "I don't care how much you embezzled, or why. Anybody that can get off with a million dollars is entitled to it."

"Three hundred thousand," he says.

"It's all the same to me," I says.

"And me too," he says; "at least, now it is. I'm broke."

"With that roll!" I laughed at him.

"Just three hundred dollars left," he says. "Long enough to last me a week."

"Not if you take care of it right," I says, and he starts laughing at me this time.

"Never heard of Mortimer Smith!" he says. "Well, I'm a bit hurt. But I'll forgive you that. However, let's get down to business."

"O. K.," I says.

"I came back to New York yesterday morning," he says. "I got off the boat at ten o'clock. And I saw you at ten thirty."

"Ain't it kind of dangerous, your walking around like this?" I says. "Or have you fixed the police?"

"I ain't fixed the police," he says. "They've been looking for me for two years. In all kinds of places. I've had quite a nice time, though, spending the money. I wouldn't have taken it to begin with, but the market crashed, if

you recall, and wiped out my own fortune. My wife, that is my former wife, was very angry at what she called my incompetence, and left me. And rather confused and annoyed with this sort of an ending to a very promising career, I picked up all the loose change there was and went away."

"Somebody'll maybe recognize you," I says.

"There's no danger," he says. "I'm thirty pounds lighter than I was and without a mustache."

"Thirty pounds," I says. "How'd you lose them?"

"Diabetes," he says.

"That's a bad disease," I says.

"Very," he says. "And that is one reason I came back to New York. I always planned to die in New York. The doctors in Vienna said I had about a year more of life expectancy. And probably less, if I didn't watch my diet. Which I won't."

"Where do I head in?" I says.

"Really," he says, "it's hard telling that part of it. But I'll try. When I got off the boat yesterday I made up my mind that it was rather foolish my playing hide and seek with the police any longer. Especially with my bank roll gone. So I had an idea.

"You see, my conscience has been bothering me for some time. Diabetes makes you moral-minded. I've worried about all the people my crime has inconvenienced—widows and orphans and such. And I had an idea that I ought to make amends in some way.

"So I was walking along the avenue looking for someone to make amends to, and I saw you," he says.

"Me!" I says.

"Yes, you," he says, "pulling a cigarette out of your vest pocket. From the way you looked at the cigarette I knew you'd been saving it up to smoke. And from the way you walked I knew you weren't a bum but an honest man out of work."

"Plumbing, steam fitting, and ironworking," I says, "have been my different specialties."

"Well," he says, "I figured there's the man for me to help."

"Thanks," I says. "What was the idea of buying the accordion, though?"

"NO idea at all," he says. "Except what I told you. I used to play one once and have always been very fond of accordion music. That is, good accordion music."

"Will you have another sundae—on me?" I says.

"No, thanks," he says. "We better start going."

"Where?" I says.

"To the police station," he says.

"That's foolish," I says.

"Oh, no," he says. "That's my good deed. You're going to hand me over to the constabulary and collect the ten-thousand-dollar reward that's been offered for the capture of my worthless carcass. It's the least I can do to reëstablish the balance of good and evil in this world."

"I'm gonna get ten grand for handing you over?" I says.

"Yes," he nods.

"Well," I says, "that's a lot of hooey."

"It's the truth," he says.

"I ain't saying it ain't true," I says. "But I don't collect blood money off nobody. If you're so hot on calling on the police you go call on them yourself."

"You'll be doing me a favor," he says. "It will make me feel better, really, to think that I've done some good in the world; that somebody has profited by my presence in it. I doubt if anybody else has."

I guess I must have been looking pretty upset from the way he smiled at me. Ten grand's a lot of dough. And I kept thinking of the old lady and how she'd scream her head off when I come home with the news that this fella had offered me ten grand and that I had refused. But I couldn't make up my mind. I don't know. It wasn't that I liked this guy so much, but you can't turn a fella over to the cops who's been good to you and never done anything to you, I don't care what he done to any widows and orphans.

"Nothing doing," I says, and stands up.

He reached out his hand to take hold of me, but I shook him off, and without really knowing what I was doing I ducked out of the joint and yelled for a taxi that was passing. I heard him yelling after me, but I paid no attention and told the driver to step on it. And the last I seen of this little fella was for a minute he was standing on the curb without his hat and crying. Honest to God, crying like a baby and waving his stick in the air.

The old lady starts squawking when I order her to move her stuff into the dining room.

MR. MILLER paused now and, shaking his head a bit ruefully, fell to murmuring, "Ten grand. Can you imagine all that dough?"

I tried to condole with him, but Mr. Miller recovered from his depressing memories of his own initiative.

"It's not like I didn't get anything out of it," he said. "When I was in that cab, the driver—that's my pal, Sam Moskowitz; he's an awful crook—thought I was making a get-away. He figured I'd stuck up this little fella and was trying to beat the cops. So he stepped on it. And when he got clear of the avenue he turned around and asked me how much I'd got. Well, I told him the whole story just like I told it to you, and you could have knocked him over. He says to me, 'You're just the kind of a honest guy I need for a partner. I got another cab and I'm looking for somebody to operate it for me who won't try to hang anything on me. What do you say?'

"So I said O. K. And that's how I happen to get into this lousy taxi business."

Mr. Miller applied the brakes and, when his car had stopped, turned around and grinned at me.

"I hope the story ain't bored you, mister," he said.

"No," I said, and handing him a grateful tip stepped out of the taxi.

Two weeks later, sitting in a speakeasy, this tale was told me all over again by a friend. He had heard it while riding in a taxi.

"How much did you tip Mr. Miller?" I asked.

"Oh, I gave him two bucks," said my friend.

"I gave him four," I said.

I felt a new understanding of Mr. Miller and his tale when for a third time I listened to it from an actor who had contributed a ten-dollar bill to Mr. Miller's fortunes. And I hope now that the publication of the story does not materially disturb his own literary market. If it does, Mr. Miller will have to lay it to the hazards of mixing literature with taxicab driving.

THE END

The Honolulu MARTYRDOM

Mrs. GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

Concludes Her Own Inside Story of the Famous Massie Case, Describes Her Reaction at the Trial, and Thanks the American People for Their Sympathy and Support During the Long Ordeal

(Reading time: 20 minutes 25 seconds.)

IN previous installments of her long-awaited inside story, published in Liberty, Mrs. Fortescue has told of the successful attempt, on her part and that of her son-in-law, Lieutenant Thomas H. Massie, to get out of the Hawaiian, Kahahawai, a confession that he had participated in the assault on her elder daughter; of Kahahawai's death; of the arrest, arraignment, and indictment of herself, Lieutenant Massie, and the two enlisted navy men, Jones and Lord, who had helped them; and of the coming of Clarence Darrow to their defense.

She now brings her story to a close with an account of their trial, the most celebrated and sensational of recent times, for murder in the second degree.

PART THREE—THE VERDICT

"AND if you are chosen as a juror in this case, we can rely upon you for a fair trial, can't we?" The kindly old man looked up at the young face before him. He smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Darrow," the talesman responded.

"I know we can. You want to do what's right. The law says my defendants shall be judged innocent unless you are convinced of their guilt beyond all reasonable doubt. You know that, don't you? And we can trust you, can't we?" Again the smile.

"Yes, sir."

Acme photo

The Judiciary Building, Honolulu, in which the trial was held.

Wide World photo

The Fortescue-Massie jury leaving the courtroom during the trial. Six jurors were white, two Chinese, one Portuguese, and three of mixed blood.

His coat hanging loosely, a size too large, the old man turned his deeply lined face to the judge. "Passed for cause, your Honor." Another name was called; another man stood in the jury box. The prosecution asked a few questions.

Again Clarence Darrow leaned forward, a fatherly look in his eyes, and again he said gently:

"We can trust you, can't we?"

The prospective jurors, the battery of lawyers, the judge in his high chair, the spectators, the courtroom itself seemed suffused with that gentle old voice. It breathed a feeling of human love and deep understanding, a feeling akin to reverence; the appeal of old age, but above all kindliness.

Wide World photo

The four defendants with their venerable chief defender on the second day of the world-famous trial. Left to right, Edward J. Lord, Mrs. Fortescue, Clarence Darrow, Lieutenant Massie, and Albert O. Jones.

One man, by his personality alone, had stamped out the hate and the bitterness of the earlier days in court. In their place was understanding.

In January we had been taken to the court for our indictment. The entire room then seemed rife with bitterness and hatred and racial feeling. "No guns will be allowed in the courtroom." Such had been Judge Cristy's order. A matron and a guard had been stationed at the door to search for hidden weapons. We entered, alive to this hatred. As we left, we were hissed.

Today, instead of hatred there was sympathy. Throughout the room, reflected in many strangers' faces, I read the unspoken message, "We are here to help you." Since that first day in court, my brother and sister had come to Hawaii. They had made friends in Honolulu. Their influence turned a current of sympathy toward us; these strangers were their friends.

Leaning back in his chair, head sunk against his chest, at times almost motionless, Clarence Darrow made a sharp contrast to John Kelley. The prosecuting attorney, nearly fifty years younger, sat stiffly erect, his attention focused in turn on each talesman. Alert, antagonistic, aggressive, he fought with any methods at hand.

The life, past record, political leanings, attitude toward us of each talesman had been looked up in advance by both prosecution and defense. We knew beforehand that one of the prospective jurors had repeatedly and forcibly expressed his opinion. Again and again, in reply to Prosecutor Kelley's questions, the man repeated that he had an open mind. Our lawyers, knowing his real feelings, endeavored to make him admit his prejudices. Still he insisted he was unbiased and would give us a fair trial.

Finally Mr. Darrow asked directly, "Is it not true that you stated that in your opinion these four defendants should be hanged?"

With evident annoyance, the prospective juror quickly replied, "No; I said they should be shot!"

Chinese, Hawaiians, Japanese, whites, in unending procession, the drawn talesmen took the witness chair. Prosecutor Kelley challenged five white men in one day.

MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, the long days dragged on. And then, dramatically, almost without warning, Mr. Darrow announced, "We waive our remaining challenges." A hurried conference among the prosecuting attorneys followed. They too were satisfied. The jury was chosen. In the railed-off seats were the arbiters of our fate.

In the hushed courtroom the twelve men stood up. Right hands upraised, they were sworn in by the clerk of the court.

Judge Davis announced adjournment until Monday, when the presentation of evidence would begin. He told the jurors they were to go home for these intervening days, but warned them to discuss the trial with no one. He told them that during the trial they would be segregated until they had reached a verdict.

Solemnly the twelve men filed out of the courtroom. Six were of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, two Chinese, one Portuguese, and three of mixed blood. These were the men who held our freedom in their hands.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HONOLULU MARTYRDOM
Continued from page thirteen]

In the momentary quiet that followed adjournment, a woman's challenging voice rang out:

"Suppose you ask the people of the United States what they think about white people being tried by these alien jurors, some of whom have no understanding of the deep-rooted principles behind the slaying charge."

Monday morning, April 11. The trial was to start in earnest. We waited beyond the Alton gangway, my sister, Lieutenant Massie, the two sailors, and myself. Ten minutes to nine, time to start. Guarded by an armed officer, we entered one car. The two sailors, in charge of a petty officer, climbed into the second car. At the Pearl Harbor gates we were met by police motorcyclists and a patrol car loaded with police carrying rifles and tear bombs. Down to the Judiciary Building once more, the sirens clearing a path for us through the crowded streets. Photographers awaited us. As we descended from our cars, cameras clicked. Curious whites, inimical natives, unable to procure seats in the already crowded courtroom, pressed about the rear entrance to catch a glimpse of us.

Acme photos

John C. Kelley, head prosecutor in the Fortescue-Massie trial, and (right) Judge Charles S. Davis, who presided.

We passed under the rotunda, through another curious throng, and entered the court hall. Women, members of the Organization for Better Government, now our friends; wives of army and navy officers; concerned young faces of my daughter's comrades; a few men scattered here and there amid the spectators; a few dusky, brooding faces; the line of newspaper writers: all registered a confused impression—like a theater crowd—as we walked down to our front-row seats. There my brother met us. There, too, were our lawyers: Clarence Darrow; George Leisure, the young lawyer from New York who had accompanied Mr. Darrow; Lieutenant Johnson, sent as legal aid by the navy; Montgomery Winn, a partner of Frank Thompson.

The clerk of the court rapped on the desk before him. At the signal the whole courtroom rose. Judge Davis entered. In monotonous voice the clerk read the now familiar lines:

"Case No. 11,981. Territory of Hawaii versus Grace Fortescue, Thomas H. Massie, Albert O. Jones, and Edward J. Lord." The trial had commenced.

PROSECUTOR KELLEY outlined his case. He cited the known facts: that I had been to the courthouse that Friday morning, that Jones had shown Kahahawai the false warrant. He brought forth two coils of rope, one found in my house, the other taken from the automobile at Kokohead. He called attention to a purple thread in the rope.

"In but one place on this island can rope with that distinguishing thread be found. That purple thread leads directly to Pearl Harbor."

He told how the detectives had found a .38-caliber bullet on my table, a .45-caliber revolver on the settee, red-stained towels. He attempted to reconstruct what had happened in my house, painting a picture of phantom circumstances directly contrary to the facts. While he talked I lived again in my own mind the events of that day. Suddenly I was recalled to the present.

". . . And they found a woman's purse in the room. In that purse were pictures of all the defendants in the Ala Moana case—the picture of Kahahawai uppermost."

He turned dramatically toward me.

"We will prove that the woman who carried that purse was the woman who pointed the finger of doom at the unfortunate youth."

I looked at him astonished. Did he really think that what had happened was premeditated? It was unbelievable. A pause. Prosecutor Kelley turned.

"Edwin Uli, take the stand."

From the back of the room came forward the insignificant native I had seen that Friday morning.

"The woman you saw in front of the courthouse that day and later identified that morning—is she in the courtroom now?"

I saw the native fix his hard, black eyes on me. Slowly he raised his hand with a pointing finger. "Yes, sitting there." Uli, at a word from Kelley, stepped down from the witness box, walking toward me. Anticipating the prosecutor's endeavor to produce an effect, Darrow turned and whispered, "Stand up, Mrs. Fortescue." I did so. Uli halted. "That is the woman."

WITNESS followed witness. Police Officer Harbottle told of the pursuit and capture. Samuel Lau testified he had reached my house the afternoon of January 8. The smaller coil of rope was shown him.

"Is this the piece of rope you found there that day? Has it any distinguishing mark?" Again the purple thread.

Kelley marshaled his exhibits: photographs, revolvers, bullet clips, bits of a sheet, towels still red-stained; a shirt—one cuff missing; a tarpaulin with mildewed spots; my purse with the newspaper clippings. Each was numbered, ticketed, and arranged conspicuously on the court table. I did not look at them.

While Prosecutor Kelley so dramatically tried to convince the jurors that we had deliberately planned to take a life, I wondered if he himself believed it. Each bit of evidence he produced was mute testimony emphasizing the accidental nature of all that happened.

Throughout Mr. Kelley's examination of witnesses, Clarence Darrow asked few questions. He made no attempt to refute even the testimony directly contradicting the facts. As each witness finished, with seeming indifference he waived cross-examination: "That's all. No questions."

For three days the thirty or forty witnesses summoned by the prosecution were called to the chair, sworn in by the clerk of the court, and each in turn told his story. The final testimony given, John Kelley summed up in few words the unchallenged evidence. Then—

"The prosecution rests."

The room seemed electrified with suspense. Spectators, many of whom had stood in line since eleven o'clock the night before, stirred expectantly. What next? Even we, the four defendants, did not know what course Clarence Darrow would pursue.

Followed a long wait. The lawyers representing both sides held conference in the judge's room. They filed back into the court. Leisure, Winn, Johnson, Darrow, Kelley, Ulrich, Cassidy—the whole cast of prosecution and defense took their seats in front of us. Mr. Darrow slowly turned around.

"Lieutenant Massie, please." He nodded to Tommie.

A hushed silence settled on the room as the young naval officer walked to the witness stand. With slow, meditated questions, Mr. Darrow drew from him the memory of the night in September. As Lieutenant Massie sat there adding detail upon detail to the picture, the sympathy of the entire room centered on him. He seemed so alone. He described the indifference of the community when,

his wife ill in the hospital, he had sought help in the prosecution of the Ala Moana case. He told how he could not afford a night nurse and so had taken that part himself. On submarine duty by day, and on duty by his wife's bedside at night.

Uncontrollably my tears welled up. In the courtroom behind me men and women strove to control their emotion.

Twelve o'clock. With his story half told, Judge Davis called a halt. . . .

I cannot tell my emotions as we drove to the court next morning. My sister sat silent beside me. Tommie, in the front seat, stared grimly into space. Each of us was thinking of the ordeal of the day before, of the ordeal to come.

At the courthouse door, again the clicking cameras. Again we passed down the police-guarded corridors, then on through the door to our seats.

. . . . .

The jury files in. The clerk of the court takes his stand. We wait, tense. Suddenly one of the newspaper men behind me whispers, "Darrow is ill." Mr. Darrow ill! Impossible! I lean forward.

"Is it true?" I ask Mr. Leisure. Before he can answer, Judge Davis enters. "The trial is postponed until nine o'clock tomorrow morning, owing to the indisposition of the defense attorney."

In court next day the whole long scene was played out again, played out alone by Lieutenant Massie. To the hundred or so people crowded in the hot room, it was a new story, the story of what happened in my house that Friday in January. To me it merely repictured a catastrophe beyond human control.

Late that morning Mr. Darrow turned the witness over to John Kelley for cross-examination. Question followed question, the broad-shouldered prosecutor trying to trap or to confuse Lieutenant Massie. Over and over again the young officer repeated the same story.

Macfadden Studio photo

Mrs. Fortescue today, with the orde... in Honolulu behind her.

ON Monday Lieutenant Massie was once more called to the witness stand. Would this trial never end?

Tuesday, we, the defense, called further witnesses. A petty officer explained how Lieutenant Massie had acquired the rope w... the purple thread months before in order to make a runway for his dog. The former tenant of my house identified the tarpaulin as his mildewed shower curtain. Friends depicted the effect of the terrific strain of the past months upon Lieutenant Massie. Doctors followed, showing the mental crisis through which he had passed. So each phase of the tragedy was analyzed, dissected, explained. How unnecessary it all seemed! The truth was so self-evident. There could be but one verdict. How soon would it all be over? How soon could we go home? When would I see my husband, still ill in the hospital in New York, unable to come to me?

Tuesday afternoon the four attorneys who directed our defense journeyed out to Pearl Harbor. They were concerned, serious. I knew instinctively they had reached the decision I dreaded.

"Mrs. Massie will go on the witness stand tomorrow."

My heart sank. Thalia had not been allowed to go to the courtroom before. She could not have endured the long days there. But she must go now. She must sacrifice herself once more.

The news that Mrs. Massie was to testify drew an even larger crowd to the entrance door the next day. Through the long night they had waited. Many of them were friends eager to aid us.

WE entered the courtroom. Almost immediately Mr. Darrow asked Mrs. Massie to take the witness stand. The room was stilled as she told her story. I had heard it four months before, in another courtroom—a room crowded with dark faces of hostile listeners. Today one felt only sympathy. Then her story had been met with fostered doubts of its truth; now its truth was self-evident. Had justice been done in the Ala Moana case, had the police at that time done their duty, had public opinion demanded a fair trial then—

I recalled my daughter's words: "I seek not vengeance but justice. I testified in order to try and save other girls from a similar fate."

Mr. Darrow's kindly questioning was over. In his place stood John Kelley. Unbidden there came into my mind a picture I had long ago seen in France—Joan of Arc facing her inquisitors.

He handed up a paper, asking Thalia to identify her signature. In a quiet voice she said, "I suppose you know that this is a confidential document between physician and patient. You have no right to bring it into open court."

"Are you sure he was a physician?" demanded Kelley.

"I will not identify it." Slowly, calmly, deliberately, the girl in the witness chair tore the paper across once; placing the pieces together, she tore it a second time, and then again. There was an instant of breathless suspense and then a wave of applause. Judge Davis rapped for order. "Clear the courtroom." No one moved.

Thalia started to descend from the stand. Kelley flared up. "At least, Mrs. Massie, we see you in your true colors at last."

The veteran of many legal battles, Clarence Darrow dramatically announced, "The defense rests."

Thalia came across and took her seat by her husband's side, sobbing, "Tommie, they tried to prove I didn't love you. Everyone knows I do. . . ."

The next morning found us again in the courtroom.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HONOLULU MARTYRDOM
Continued from page fifteen]

The rebuttal began. The prosecution offered their doctors' evidence. It seemed endless.

Finally the climax came. Barry Ulrich, in cultured tones, summed up the case for the prosecution. George Leisure expounded the legal contentions of the defense, recounting the facts proving the accidental nature of the tragedy.

Clarence Darrow made his plea the next day. Spectators occupied every available seat and spot, every inch of the room, even the stand of the judge's bench. When the kindly old man stood in front of the jurors' rail, the courtroom was packed to overflowing. He began his appeal. We four defendants listened to it, spellbound.

"And you, and you, and you, what would you have done in similar circumstances?" He pointed to each juror in turn, the men he had previously asked, "We can trust you, can't we?"

The stoical Oriental faces betrayed no emotion. Ethnologically and traditionally, white and yellow and brown are races apart. How could such a plea appeal to the six men to whom the white man's code is a mystery?

For four hours the aged counselor gave his all to our case. Newspaper messenger boys slipped in and out with their copy. Clarence Darrow's speech was being broadcast from an adjoining room. Radiograms carried his words to the people of America. Although his plea failed to stir the twelve men before him, it aroused another jury in America, the jury of the American people.

"I put this case regardless of race, regardless of nationality, or feelings of any individuals. I ask everyone in this box, for the sake of this case at least, to forget all other considerations and pass upon it as a human case. I would like to think that some time, not too far away—it could not be too far away—I might come back here with the consciousness that I had done my small part in bringing peace and justice to an island that today is wrecked and worn by internal strife. I place this case in your hands and I ask you to be kind, understanding, considerate, both to the living and to the dead."

Wearied, he sought his chair. He had done all he could. He had striven to heal the breach between the races, to stamp out discord between the navy and the politicians. His plea had been made not only in our behalf but in behalf of unity, understanding, friendship.

ANOTHER voice, robust, aggressive, filled the room. In bitter words Prosecutor Kelley attacked Mr. Darrow's plea for sympathy. He shouted that Hawaii was on trial. "Is there to be one law for the people here and another for the strangers in our midst? Are they to come here and take the law in their own hands? . . . Pay no heed to what the admirals may have said or say, because, with General Smedley Butler, I say, 'To hell with the admirals!'"

Prosecutor Kelley's stinging words undid the effect of Mr. Darrow's plea for unity, understanding, friendship. Was that speech directed at us? At the United States Navy? At the government of the United States?

Judge Davis solemnly charged the jury. "I further instruct you that you may bring in any one of the following verdicts: guilty as charged; guilty of manslaughter; not guilty because of insanity; not guilty."

The jurors filed out.

The first ballot, if published reports be correct, was seven for acquittal, five for conviction of murder in the second degree. We knew that the chances for an acquittal were more favorable in the beginning. We hoped, as we went to the hotel, that before night we would be free. All that afternoon we waited.

NEXT WEEK—

LOWELL THOMAS

comes to

Liberty

with the

Apollos *of the* Beach

First of a new series of hair-raising articles on

Reckless Lives

Friday, just after lunch, came word we were to go down to the Judiciary Building. Only the lawyers, a few friends, two or three newspaper correspondents, and we four defendants were present when the jury entered.

Judge Davis asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

"No."

"Is there a chance of a verdict within a reasonable time?"

"Yes, I think so."

The words startled me. Even though we believed the jury stood ten to two for acquittal, still I had harbored little hope of a verdict. Confident, we returned to the hotel. An hour elapsed. Again word came summoning us to the courthouse.

Our lawyers were present; the jury filed in; we four defendants sat waiting. One man was missing, Prosecutor Kelley. Two minutes later he arrived, a smile of satisfaction on his face. He took his seat directly in front of us.

FOUR separate slips were handed to the judge. Without any intimation of their contents, he read the four separate verdicts; without a word he passed them to the clerk of the court. A police officer told us to stand up. Then in slow, measured voice, the clerk of the court read aloud:

"Thomas H. Massie, guilty of manslaughter. Leniency recommended."

My instant reaction was fear—fear that he alone stood convicted. Then as my name was read, followed by "Verdict, manslaughter," the fear subsided. The same sentence was read for each of the two sailors. I was indignant. What right did those twelve men of the jury have to bring in this verdict against those two boys?

Judge Davis turned us once again over to the custody of the navy, with the admonition that we would be in court one week from that day to receive sentence. Tommie turned to comfort his wife. My brother and sister were beside me. Seated at the wide table, Mr. Darrow opened a law book. "The fight has just begun." . . .

Were we tried and condemned on the facts involved in our case, or on the broad issue: Shall America control Hawaii? Seth Richardson's report had come out during the trial. In it he advocated strong American supervision for the islands. He protested against the Hawaiian political control of police chief and public prosecutor. He exposed the conditions in the prison. His report was bitterly denounced by the politicians in Honolulu.

There were six white men on that jury who, it was rumored, in the first ballot voted for acquittal. If so, what caused those men to reverse their decisions?

That jury rendered a compromise verdict. But no compromise verdict would satisfy that distant jury of American citizens. They asked for justice. Soon the answer came.

On Friday, the 4th of March, for the last time we were driven down to the Honolulu courthouse. Judge Davis appeared. In even tones he read: "I hereby sentence you for the term prescribed by law to not more than ten years' imprisonment at hard labor in Oahu prison."

We waited. Armed guards then escorted us across the street to the governor's office.

Governor Judd handed to each of us, in turn, a documented paper, signed by the governor and stamped with the official seal of the territory. That paper contained a commutation of our sentence. It meant our freedom.

We owe that freedom to the loyalty of friends who pleaded our cause, to the sympathy of strangers who understood our plight, to the attitude of the press. But, above all, we owe our freedom to the courage, the understanding, the wisdom of one man in Washington.

THE END

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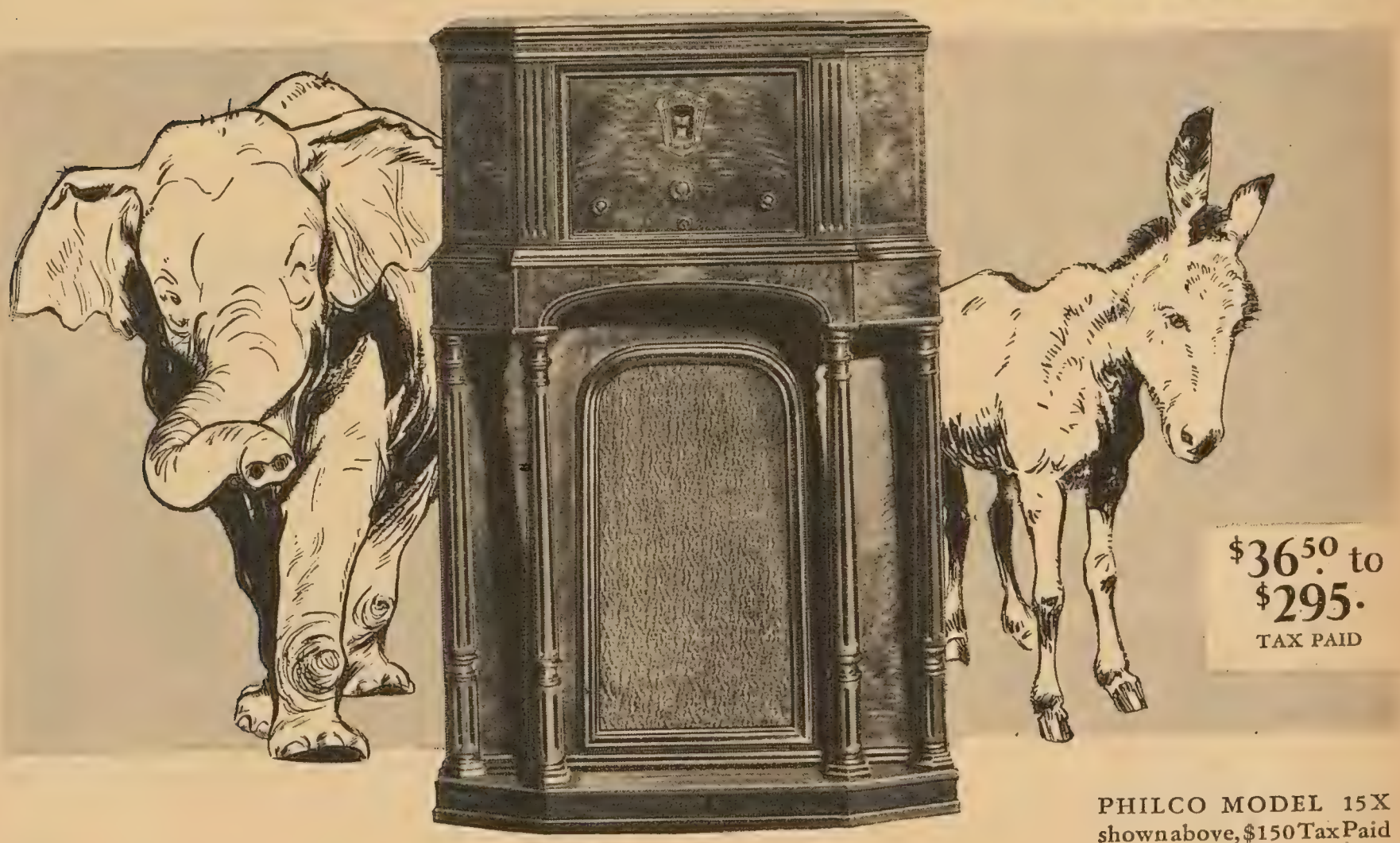

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Girl with a Tiger's Temper—A King of the Skies—Drunk on Flying—Strange Triumph Over Time—Hellbent for Disaster

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and breath-taking adventure in the air. Casey Haddon, famous ace, met Georges Larue, American importer, in Quebec, where they got tight together. Sober together later, in New York, Larue, who owned several planes, was delighted when Casey offered to become his pilot. Out at Roosevelt Field, Casey, looking over Larue's ships, saw a young mechanic, in a temper, deliberately pounding a motor. "I'll fan your pants out the gate for that!" Casey cried. The youth turned. It was a girl!

Haddon was creeping out upon the left wing of the Bellan

BEYOND

PART TWO—THE FEEL OF THE AIR

"WHAT'S that you said?" she demanded.

"I intended to tell you—" Casey began.

"Oh, damn your intentions! What are you going to fan out the gate?" The girl's eyes had dilated; the fury she had wasted upon the motor was now centered upon him. Casey had never seen such extraordinary eyes. They blazed. There was a greenish flame in them, and for a moment he felt sure she was going to spring at him.

"I'm sorry. But—I've got to fly that ship, and these others, too. Mr. Larue put me in charge of them and—"

"It turned your head."

"Easy, sister, or I'll cool you off with a hose."

The girl threatened to explode. She reached for the tool which he still held, she tugged at it. "Let go!" she cried.

"What for?"

"I'm going to sink this spanner into your skull."

"You can't. It's solid and you'd only put a stone bruise on my heel. Now wasn't that a baby trick? Honest? I'll set that nut for you—"

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Larue's new pilot."

"Oh!" The girl ran a hostile eye over him. "I suppose you're one of the pioneers. You flew at Kitty Hawk and you hate to see women try it."

Casey nodded. "You read me like a book. I take it you're a 'stuge,' pulling motors apart to see what makes 'em go round. Well, you'll never learn to fly with a temper like yours." He saw the girl's glance travel past him, he heard Larue coming.

"Hello, darling!" the latter exclaimed. He seized her hands and kissed her. "Too much lipstick on your nose, but—I like it. So you've snuggled up to Casey already. I knew you'd rush into each other's embrace."

"*Who?*"

"Haven't you introduced yourselves? This is Casey Haddon. Casey, let me present you to the flying débutante, the future queen of the skies, Miss Cadence Drew."

"*Casey Haddon!*" Miss Drew's left cheek, the clean one, flushed faintly.

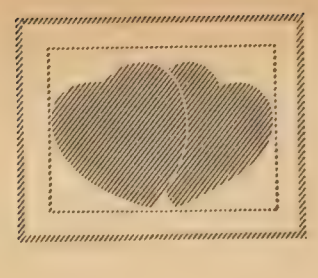
"We were just doing a little ground flying—" the pilot began, but Larue was gazing at the girl so ardently that he failed to observe his pilot's discomfort.

"It's her one topic of conversation. I can't keep her on the ground. She has been learning to fly this Travelair of— Hello!" Larue noticed the blood on his fiancée's hand and consternation seized him. "Why, you've hurt yourself!"

Miss Drew sucked at the cut and mumbled that it was nothing, but he insisted upon examining the injury, then did it up in his handkerchief. "You'll ruin your hands, honey. Get into your togs! I want Casey to take you up."

had shed his parachute and his leather flying coat.

CONTROL



By

REX BEACH

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

"I just came in with Joe Quillan. I think I'll call it a day!"

"But I'm dying for him to fly you—"

"You go up, Georges, while I hunt an iodine bottle. Mr. Haddon hates to fly women."

"You won't hate to fly Cadence." Larue turned a beaming face upon his male companion. "She'll put you through your capers. Now come along, precious; there's a medicine kit in the office." He moved away with Miss Drew but tarried long enough to say, "It's going to be part of your job to teach that kid all you know, Casey. The biggest part of your job, in fact. I'm giving her a ship of her own and—nothing must happen to her. I'll feel safe if she gets her training under you."

NEWS quickly spread that Casey Haddon was on the field, and while one of Larue's ships was being warmed up several pilots and more than one greasy ground man shook hands with him. Visitors to whom he was only a name crowded forward and stared at him. They watched him take off and they followed the course of his ship as it climbed into the air.

Cadence Drew joined a group of field employees. Silently she listened to their comments. Most of them had stories to tell about the famous airman, stories that ordinarily would have awakened her interest and her admiration. But a furrow creased her brow. There was a shadow of resentment upon her upturned face. She had taken an instant dislike to Casey; what passed with other people as self-confidence struck her as conceit. He was a show-off, and authority went to his head. Imagine lecturing her about her temper! Treating her like a spoiled child! He was enormously overbearing and—insolent, too. No doubt the circumstances of their meeting had prejudiced her, but aside from that and from her instinctive dislike, she had reason to distrust him. It quite dismayed her to realize that Georges was actually considering him as the pilot for the coming transatlantic flight! Why, Haddon was a drunkard! He was unreliable. He was notoriously unlucky, too.

THESE men were right, however: the fellow could certainly fly. When he took hold of a ship it came to life. He had a technique all his own, and to the practiced eye it was discernible in every unerring movement, in every perfectly timed and balanced maneuver. The wings did not belong to the ship; they were his.

"Did you fellas hear about him at Chicago two years ago?" one of the mechanics inquired. "Well, I was there and I seen him. Remember how Simpson stood the crowd on its ear with his stunts? He was just after making that flight to Honolulu and back, and he was the idol. Casey waited till he got through, then he went up and done every trick of Simpson's, only he done 'em *upside down*."

Several listeners had heard of that exhibition. To Cadence it bore out her estimate of the man. A smart Aleck.

After perhaps ten minutes the plane shot downward toward the field, and the mechanic who had previously spoken said, "Watch this landing, fellas. You can tell him a mile."

The ship swooped out of its dive, it roared the length of the field, then banked vertically and sideslipped. Its motor ceased, life died out of it, and its velocity lessened as it "fishtailed" to a perfect three-point landing. It seemed to settle like a feather; there was no ricochet; it rolled forward a few yards and stopped.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page nineteen

"*Yow-ee!*" yelled Haddon's admirer. "How's that for a flourish?"

Georges Larue was grinning happily when he joined Cadence.

"He's a wizard, darling. I never knew what real flying is. You'll get the kick of your life."

"Sorry!" Cadence shook her head. "Some other time perhaps. I'm off to town now. Shall I drive you in?"

Eagerly the man assented.

Inside of a week after Casey Haddon assumed the duties of his new position he decided that of all the women students he had observed, Cadence Drew ran the greatest risk of disaster.

In his mind it was more than a risk; it was a practical certainty. How anyone as impatient, as impulsive, as tempestuous as she could escape a serious accident he could not see, and to Larue he confessed as much. He urged his employer to discourage her.

"That's useless," the latter said. "In the first place, she's mad about flying, and when she takes a fancy to anything—or to anybody—"

"Exactly. That's what I'm telling you. She's never had a bridle."

"In the second place, I've given her a ship of her own. Discourage her?" Georges shook his head. "Frankly, I think you're prejudiced, Casey. Everybody else is astonished at her progress."

"If there's any prejudice it's on her part. As for me, I can't see any reason for her flying except to get a thrill."

"Casey, you're an old crab. You hate women. I love 'em. You distrust 'em. I—"

"Miss Drew needs to crack up."

"God forbid!" piously exclaimed the lover.

"She needs a good fright. Mighty few flyers get hurt while they're learning. They're apprehensive and they're cautious at that time, and if the thing comes hard to them, so much the better. The dangerous phase comes when they've learned to solo and to stunt fairly well. The first strain is over, they're not keyed up, they're overconfident. One mistake in this game is just one too many."

"You think she's in that stage?"

"Not yet, but she soon will be, and it will be all the worse because flying came so easily to her. I don't want to be in the ship with her if anything happens. Not on my own account, but on yours."

"I UNDERSTAND. But, Casey, as long as you're there nothing *will* happen, nothing *can* happen."

The pilot shrugged. "Thanks for the corsage. Ships sometimes fall apart."

"You've had 'em fall apart, you've flown their wings off, and there's not a scar on you. You could ride an oil can to a landing. You've got to break in her new ship and you've got to fly with her until—"

"We'll have a ship of our own to break in before long," the other protested.

"No hurry about that. I'll warn her to beware of that beginner's let-down, and you'll carry her through it, won't you?"

"Certainly! If you say so. As long as I take her up I'll guarantee to bring her down."

"Thanks, old man! It's a promise."

"You set up those brakes on purpose," she declared in an icy voice.

Larue did repeat Casey's warning. Cadence listened silently but there was a resentful gleam in her eyes.

Her ship was ready in due time, and Casey went out to the factory and flew it home. She was delirious with joy over it. She could barely wait until he went over it carefully and took it off in a final test flight. Jealously she looked on from the ground while he put it through every conceivable stunt. When he landed to readjust this and to alter that, she stood at his side and peered over his shoulder. He refused to turn it over to her until it was tuned up and balanced exactly to his liking.

"GEORGES says you don't think I'll ever make a flyer," she told him as the tanks were being refilled.

"You won't if you don't slow down."

"Indeed? Everybody is wrong, eh? They're all out of step but Casey."

"You and I are out of step," he corrected her.

"I'm sorry."

"So am I. This job is my living; I'd hate to lose it."

"You don't think for a minute that I'd—try to turn Georges against you?"

"Sore again, are you?"

"Not again—yet. You'd still like to fan my pants out the gate, wouldn't you?"

"Well—you're quite a responsibility."

"It's too bad I'm your ball and chain. You know it's not my doing. Georges insists, and under the circumstances I can only be sweet."

"*Can* you be sweet?"

"I could be if you weren't so vastly superior, so—contemptuous. It's a great condescension on the part of Casey Haddon to teach the A B Cs of aviation, isn't it? I appreciate the honor, but I could whack you—"

"Whack away," he interrupted with a grin. "I quit fighting in '18. I suppose I'm really in great luck to have you as a stuge. Anyhow, these good-looking Oscars could kill me for my job. Well, you're in luck to have me as a governess. I've promised to see that you don't fall out of your crib or swallow a safety pin and I don't intend that you shall. I'm not bad, really. Maybe you didn't like olives at first."

"Oh, bosh! You're weakening. Well, I don't take nor give quarter. Let's hate each other openly. I love a good hate."

"That's oke with me. I'm paid by the week."

"And listen, Johnny Harvard! I'm going to fly circles around you before I get through. I'll do every trick you do, if it kills me."

"'Atacat! Let's hop in our coffin and shove off."

Cadence Drew never forgot that first flight in her own ship. Her own ship! That in itself brought her an indescribable thrill; her heart swelled until there was no room for rancor against her unpleasant passenger. Unpleasant he certainly was, but not unwelcome; it gave her a pretty comfortable feeling to know that the great Casey Haddon was whirling through space with her and that his hand was on the controls along with hers. Now and then his voice came to her through the headset and—it was strange how much nicer he was in the air than on the ground. The old grouch could be decent when he tried. Perhaps he was indeed like a bird, a hawk for instance, and was at home only on the wing.

The wind streamed past in scalp-lifting velocity, the roar of the motor, keen, steady, cruel in its ear-splitting

ferocity, was indescribably exciting. It was a Wasp. A wasp indeed! It was a shrieking demon of incalculable power, but a harnessed demon utterly obedient to her command. It had the strength to carry her shouting off into the voids; it was a rocket, a projectile which she could steer at will, and at the same time it was a cradle upon which she could lightly ride the breeze. Under her hand it zoomed and it swooped, it rolled and it fluttered. It whip-stalled, it fell into spirals and came out of them with an effortless grace which the girl could sense in every atom of her vibrant body. This was intoxication!

But Cadence was abruptly sobered when she came to land. The field was soft, her ship was faster than any she had ever flown, and its brakes were more sensitive than she expected. She set them too vigorously and the machine tilted. It flung up its tail, there came a sickening, nerve-shattering sound as the whirling propeller slashed the earth. For what seemed a long while the machine hung on the verge of nosing over, then it fell back.

Cadence was not frightened. On the contrary, she was perfectly cool. She heard Haddon say:

"No harm done. I hope you didn't bump your head."

She saw him standing with his arms upstretched to help her down. He was smiling.

"You set up those brakes on purpose," she declared in an icy voice.

For a moment he stared at her, then his expression changed. His lip curled, his eyes blazed. Without a word, he turned and walked away. Inside of two hours a new propeller had been fitted and Cadence was in the air again.

II

MRS. HOLCOMBE DREW lived in the shadow of a great tragedy, a shadow which grew darker year by year. It was the tragedy of old age. Nothing appalled her so dreadfully as the slipping away of her youth, and so she clung grimly to a semblance of it. She was thirsty for life, and in order to ward off, or at least to slow down, the relentless ravages of time she lived like a Roman sentinel. She exercised, she dieted, she read her scales with anxious eyes, she was the slave to a regimen which would have discouraged anyone less determined than a vain elderly woman or a high-salaried moving-picture star.

Every day she was massaged and took "treatments" of one sort and another. Her hair, always neatly waved, received exactly so many strokes of comb and brush every night—so many palm strokes also, to lend it gloss and to keep it soft. Its color, by the way, was a secret which she refused to share with anyone except the expensive beauty specialist in whose salon she spent a large part of her time. It took her longer to get into bed than it requires to dock an Atlantic liner, what with skin foods to be rubbed in, lotions to be spanked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Price sanitary napkins now—at your drug or department store. Then be wise! Get a supply of Modess at the new bargain price!

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Feel Modess—see how downy and soft the filler is! No wonder it's comfortable—figure-conforming!

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The moisture-repellent back of Modess is amazing! A bottle of ink poured on Modess will be absorbed but won't come through.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

until dry, beauty masks to be adjusted, and other preventives and preservatives to be taken both internally and externally.

Upon rising she "vibrated" for a fixed number of minutes in an electrical exerciser, then she lay for a prescribed period in a bath foamy with some tissue-building concoction which cost three dollars a package. Breakfast was a triumph of mind over matter; lunch and dinner were exercises in self-denial dictated by a study of vitamines and calories.

As a result of her abstemiousness, her self-sacrifice, and her extravagant expenditures of time and money she was the youngest-looking and the "smartest" woman of eighty in New York. Her figure remained slender and she wore her clothes with an air. She shuffled about in her bedroom mules, to be sure, but on the street or on a dance floor her step was springy. Her face had been lifted time after time and at an expense which doubtless would have stamped it with a permanent expression of pain had not the specialists removed its mobility along with its wrinkles. It was now the placid, empty face of a doll, a doll with grandmother eyes. Inasmuch as she was naturally emotional, it came hard to deny herself the luxury of laughter and of tears, but both were taboo; the doctors had warned her that indulgence in either would involve new stitches.

Even with all these mechanical aids it is doubtful if she could have carried the fight so triumphantly without some other help, and this she had in her peculiar philosophy of life, her practice of "right thinking," as she termed it. Thinking right consisted of denying the reality of all evil, all unpleasantness, all misfortune. Old age was an evil, a misfortune, so she deliberately "saw" herself as youthful. Her creed was expressed in three words: "Nothing can happen." "As long as one truly realizes that nothing can happen—why, what *can* happen?" she often inquired.

To her at least the answer was obvious.

One afternoon she returned from a fitting to find Cadence at home. It was the first time in a long while that they had met at such an hour, and Mrs. Drew instantly dissembled her surprise by inquiring in her polite, society voice: "How do you do? You are waiting to see someone?"

The girl answered absently, "Hello, Pretty Pet! No, I'm just—sitting."

"I want to fly with this hard-boiled prima donna who has wire whiskers."

"PERHAPS you're calling on my granddaughter. She has taken up flying, you know, and she's never in, afternoons. She's at the field learning to be a pilot." The tone was formal but sirupy. Cadence looked up with a start. "Isn't it ambitious of the dear child?"

"What ails you, darling?"

"Why—it's you!" Mrs. Drew counterfeited a speechless astonishment. "It *is!* The Drew eyes! The Drew hair! My own flesh and blood! The rod I lean upon. The comfort of my declining years! Embrace me—no, don't. You'll probably kiss me on the nose." She sank into a chair and with no slightest change of expression uttered a tinkling sound of merriment. "Fancy meeting you here!"

There was no lack of expression in her granddaughter's face; it lighted up with a broad smile. Cadence had a wide mouth and when she smiled she generously showed her shining white teeth. "I *have* neglected you, Pretty Pet. I deserve a lecture. But my new ship is like a new baby. It takes a lot of petting—"

"Georges, too, I dare say. I'm sorry you ever met the wretch."

"Why, gran! You're crazy about him! You'd be crazy about flying, too, if—"

"Say it. Be hateful."

"No! You're as young as I am, only you were born sooner. Haven't I always said so? Gosh! You'd be an awful pill if you ever grew old."

MRS. DREW glowed as if a tiny light had been switched on behind her mask. "I presume I'd love to fly if I were your age, and I'll bet I could, but I certainly wouldn't spend my life at it. Those baggy drill pyjamas look terrible. I'd come home to my meals once in a while. But *you!* You need a home about as much as a blue jay. I actually believe you've built a nest out there and eat worms."

"Well, it's the nesting season," Cadence laughed.

"Not getting 'hatchy,' are you?" The speaker brightened still more.

"Don't worry. One interest at a time. I'm merely feathering out."

"Me worry? And get a wrinkle? No, indeed. But I'm drying up. There was a time when we went places and did things. Now that you're 'doing the light' in a hangar I sit here and work cross-word puzzles and listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Ain't that somepin? Would you like me to send a cot out to Roosevelt Field?"

"We'll go somewhere tonight," Cadence declared. "And I'll shake up a drink this minute. Then I'll telephone." She rose and crossed to the bell. "You like to dance with Edgar Hobbs, don't you?"

"I like to dance with anybody. I'd dance with a bear. Bears hug."

A few moments later, as Cadence busied herself at the cocktail wagon, her grandmother said, "I wouldn't put a straw in the way of your flying—goodness knows I wish I could—and it was splendid of Georges to give you an airplane, but—"

"You're a dear. Any other grandmother would be in hysterics."

"Humph! I hold the right thought, that's all. It's God's universe. It's God's air. It's God airship. You're God's child. He's flying with you. He wouldn't let anything happen. What I started to say is that you're so busy nowadays I never get to see you, and so I'm thinking of a trip to Paris for another face treatment."

"I wish you could go, but—it takes more thinking than it used to, doesn't it? I suppose I should be helping you look after the business."

"Don't let's talk business at a family reunion. A double dash of absinthe, darling! I don't dare think about what's going on at the office. This depression—"

"Never mind. I'll be off your hands this fall, gran. There should be enough left from the wreck to support you."

"Yes, I dare say. And I'll need less as time goes on, damn it!" Mrs. Drew tasted her cocktail. "Um-m! Is there a dividend? . . . Good! I wish I could say as much for the lace business. If it goes smash— Of course

it won't. Nothing can happen as long as we are thoroughly in tune with Principle. It's God's lace business. But if it *should* blow up, I dare say I can manage to find a thousand dollars, a silk dress, and a feather bed. Then, if Georges will testify to my moral character, I'll be able to get into a nice home."

Again Cadence laughed, She eyed her grandmother quizzically. "Is it fair to ask Georges for such a testimonial? As a matter of fact, Pretty Pet, your moral character is pretty bad. In you I recognize the source of all my wildness, my extravagance, my—vicious tendencies."

Mrs. Drew's faded eyes brightened for a second time. "You flatterer! But I hope you're right. I—I could scream when I think of all I've missed. Your grandfather was a good man, worse luck, and I had to live up to his opinion of me. Then I had your father on my hands as a steadying influence, and finally you. All my life I've been a rebellious slave to propriety. I've been forcibly fed on virtue. No wonder I hate it. Yes, my baser nature has been starved. I'm a thwarted woman. But tell me about yourself."

"Oh, I'm putting in every hour I can. Georges' Fokker is here, and Casey Haddon is tuning it up. Thank heaven, *he's* off my hands part of the time."

Mrs. Drew tamped a monogrammed cigarette on her polished thumb nail and lighted it. "Still hate him?"

"And *how!*"

"My dear! Smell like a mechanic if you consider it necessary but don't talk like one. Is he good-looking?"

"If you care for the type." Cadence shrugged carelessly. "I don't happen to like ore-bearing, case-hardened people. Iron jaws, steel muscles, flinty eyes. Why, even his whiskers are wiry."

"Ugh!"

"HE pretends to be indifferent, superior. He's insensible to heat and cold. Doesn't feel pain. Never wears an overcoat. It's a pose: the rugged, fur-bearing animal who believes woman's place is in the kitchen and the bedroom—"

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, but I heard him say it. He thinks it would do me good to crash. When we're in the air I almost love him, but the minute we get down he's unbearable. I could kill him."

"You probably stroke his fur the wrong way."

Cadence uttered a sound. "And such a fuss budget! If a mechanic spills a drop of oil on his motor he goes wild; he'll lift him bodily and mop it up with him. I believe he'd do it with me. Georges and Jules flew up to Boston this morning, and as they were about to take off Casey ordered them out of the ship. Ordered *Georges*, his employer! Then he walked around it, listening, looking, testing. Without the least warning, he reached in and tore out a wire

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BETRAYED BY A SULTRY NIGHT — by Timmins

SHE WAS THRILLED TO HAVE HIM CALL. EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY ... AT FIRST!
THEN A SUDDEN STORM... WINDOWS HURRIEDLY CLOSED. THE ROOM GREW STUFFY ...AND SHE NOTICED SOMETHING UNPLEASANT
FOR DAYS HE PUZZLED OVER HER BEWILDERING COOLNESS
THEN AN ADVERTISEMENT SET HIM THINKING
He was welcome at first... but
Lifebuoy
NO DANGER OF "B.O." NOW, EVEN IN HOTTEST WEATHER! LIFEBUOY PROTECTS HIM—MAKES HIM FEEL SO FRESH—SO EXTRA-CLEAN
FRIENDS AGAIN—AND MORE THAN FRIENDS—ENGAGED! NO "B.O." NOW TO DARKEN THEIR HAPPY ROMANCE

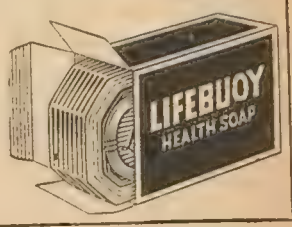
Summer increases "B.O." danger

(body odor)

HOW freely we perspire these sultry days—how easy to *offend!* Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Complexions clear

Try this 10-second treatment for dull, cloudy skin. Massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your complexion freshen. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

[Continued from page twenty-three]

cable and pulley—one of the flipper controls—and tried to make the mech eat them. The pulley had a tiny half-inch crack in it! But that was enough to set him off. He never misses anything. What a cursing he gave the man!"

"So? A harsh temper as well as—"

"Bosh! It's all pure theater! All done for effect. Most of the big pilots are as temperamental as opera singers, but—he's the worst of the lot."

"What an odious, what a hateful person! I'm dying to meet him. You've invited me out to the field a dozen times. Does the invitation stand?"

"Of course. Come tomorrow and let me take you up in my ship, or let Georges give you a flip around the country—"

"Bother you and Georges! I want to fly with this hard-boiled prima donna who has wire whiskers."

"I've brought along a new student flyer," Cadence told Georges Larue the next afternoon. "Pretty Pet has become air-minded overnight."

"'Atagrandma!" Georges exclaimed. He beamed upon the little old lady who, be it said, was a source of unending delight to him. "Who converted you, Pretty Pet?" he demanded, with the liveliest interest.

"Cadence. I'm in a flutter to meet your hairy ape."

"She means Casey."

Mrs. Drew nodded complacently. "I may take a course of instruction under him. If he's all that Cadence says, I simply must know the abysmal brute. I'd be wet clay in the hands of such a man."

With a laugh Larue told her, "I'm sorry, but he isn't here at the moment. He flew my Bellanca over to New Jersey. While he's gone I'll take you up in the Blue Bird." Mrs. Drew opened her lips to decline the invitation, but the speaker lowered his voice as if to prevent Cadence from hearing. "Look no further for your cave man," he muttered. "In me you behold a person with more savage impulses than you'll find in a dozen Casey Haddons. We'll go up—*alone*." He allowed one eyelid to droop meaningly. "Alone! You and I. Absolutely alone! God, woman! I'm in a tremble!"

"I'm not going to fly with any trembling pilot—"

But Georges seized her by the hand, drew her toward the field. "I refuse to take no for an answer. You must have guessed why I've been hanging around your house, Pretty Pet; why I've pretended to court Cadence. I was merely stalking *you*."

This was quite in line with Georges' usual behavior, and the grandmother tittered. The wretch was always pretending to be inflamed by her beauty and paying her counterfeit compliments on her face and her figure, but next to finding herself the actual object of illicit designs it was pleasing to have a handsome scoundrel pretend that she was his intended victim. She protested faintly but he would not listen—he proposed to take her on her first flight and that settled it—so she finally allowed herself to be persuaded.

CADENCE reassured her by saying, "Don't feel nervous, darling. Georges is a splendid pilot and you're perfectly safe with him."

"There you go—spoiling everything!" the grandmother exclaimed. "When you're my age you'll gladly risk a broken neck just to feel unsafe with a man."

That blue tri-motored Fokker looked enormous to Mrs. Drew. It fairly took her breath when she saw it and she could not make herself believe that a thing so huge, so ungainly, so solid could possibly soar through the air, but Larue assured her that it flew as lightly as the bird it was named for and that she would never know she had left the ground, so perfect was its performance.

Georges was wildly enthusiastic about his new ship and he quite bewildered his visitor with his confusing descriptions of this and that feature, his explanations of the Fokker's salient points. Being wholly ignorant of machinery, she made no attempt to understand him. She merely uttered polite "ohs" and "ahs" as he pointed out one thing after another, and pretended to be astonished, incredulous, the while her mind remained as blank as her face. She finally allowed herself to be assisted up into the cabin. This was better; there were several comfortable chairs, and the cutest windows to look out of. But Georges dragged her forward to show her the instrument board, then back through the cabin and into the emergency compartment at the rear. This, he informed her, was where the stores and miscellaneous equipment for the ocean trip would be carried.

Overhead was a trapdoor, a hatchway, designed to afford the crew a means of escape in case of a forced landing at sea.

"But you're not going to be forced down," Mrs. Drew said confidently. "Nothing is going to happen—nothing *ever* happens if you hold the right thought, Georges. You must merely *know* that it *can't* happen."

"Precisely!" Larue agreed with a flash of his white teeth. "Your philosophy is sound, its truth is self-evident. All the same, we're taking a rubber life raft along, and some food and water and extra clothing, as well as flares to signal with. *I* may know that nothing can happen—"

"You must *cling* to that thought."

"Sure! But some of the others are liable to weaken. One against three! I couldn't hold the ship up with all that added ballast, no matter how hard I cling. You'll have to talk to Casey and get him into the right thought."

"I'm dying for the chance," Mrs. Drew confessed. "I—I'm half in love with him already. He's so—brutal."

GEORGES seated his guest in one of the wicker chairs and saw that she was comfortable, then he closed the door and took the controls. One by one the motors were started, the ship began to vibrate. Mrs. Drew did not like this. The noise was terrific and the Blue Bird quivered in an alarming manner. Those roaring motors frightened her and she wanted to get out. But Cadence was waving to her, so she smiled wanly and waved back. What an abominable din! Silly of her to fly at her age.

Casey Haddon, flying alone, returned from New Jersey and sideslipped in over the hangar roof, landing with his usual spectacular flourish. From a distance he had noticed the Blue Bird lazily cruising about. When he cut his motor he heard its familiar drone. Along with that sound he heard another which halted him with one leg still in the cockpit; it was the brazen clatter of an ambulance gong. One glance and he saw that something was wrong: people had assembled in groups, field attendants were running about, motorcycle policemen dashed here and there with explosive bursts of speed. They and the ambulance appeared to be chasing the Blue Bird as it circled for a landing; officials were signaling—

Haddon's eyes were quick; an oath spilled from his lips. He yelled a question at the nearest mechanic, but it was Cadence Drew who answered him. She had seen him slip the Bellanca in and had come flying.

It was Georges who was in the Blue Bird; Georges and Pretty Pet. They had dropped a wheel in taking off. Yes, Georges knew what had happened; Joe Quillan had followed him into the air and signaled.

"Oh, *Casey!*" The girl's face was white. "He's been trying to make up his mind to land, but—"

"Hey! You!" Haddon bawled at the mechanic who likewise had approached on the run. "Spin that prop!"

"If he tries to land he'll ground loop and—"

"Contact!" The Bellanca's motor burst into a roar. Casey throttled it, but Cadence heard him cursing savagely. He stood up and waved frantically at the Fokker, which was circling lower, then, fearing that Larue was indeed about to risk a landing, he flung himself into the seat and gave his motor full gun. There was a hurricane blast, the ship began to roll, and before it had gone a hundred feet it was in the air.

Haddon seemed actually to possess the power to raise a ship at will. That Bellanca rushed into the air with the explosive speed of a partridge, it rose rocketlike until it

hung on the prop, then it rolled on to an even keel and took after the slow-flying Blue Bird. In a moment or two it was alongside, and the anxious watchers saw Haddon waving his employer higher. They heard the Fokker's triple motors rev up and saw the heavy ship begin to climb. Wing and wing with it climbed the Bellanca. At two thousand feet both ships leveled off and cruised slowly wing tip to wing tip for a minute or two, then they separated and the smaller dived straight back for the field. It came like a streak, with its motor full on; its tremendous speed was checked, it landed lightly; above the purr of its idling engine Casey called for a pilot. "Quillan! Where's Joe Quillan?"

"Take me! I'll go!" Cadence screamed at him, but he did not give her so much as a glance.

Quillan dashed toward him. Casey thrust out a hand and swung him bodily off the ground; for a second or two they talked, then they squirmed down into their seats and again the Bellanca roared away in a smother of dust.

Haddon was indeed in a rage, for he saw in this idiotic exploit of Georges Larue the end of their ocean hop, the ruin of all his own plans. The Blue Bird was a good deal of a ship for any amateur. What had possessed Larue to take it off before it was thoroughly tested? And with a kid passenger? Some little girl. Haddon had caught a glimpse of her a few moments before. A pretty, doll-faced creature who had tossed him a kiss.

Georges was a fool! Soon they had gained the level of the Fokker and once more drew alongside of it. Larue grinned out at the two pilots, raised his clasped hands over his head and shook them. Casey surrendered the stick to Quillan and threw the buckle of his safety belt. To those on the ground it was not plain for a while just what was going on up there in the sky. Cadence could make little out of it, even when she heard one ground man address another.

"Wha'd I tell ya, sucker? Yonder he goes."

"Wh-what is he doing?" the girl inquired.

"He's going aboard, that's all. Just swapping ships. He's taking no chances on that cluck smashing up a big boat."

"Damn' if he ain't!" the other mechanic asserted.

Cadence saw then that Haddon had scrambled from his seat and was creeping out upon the left wing of the Bellanca. He had shed his parachute and his leather flying coat, and the wind whipped his white shirt.

Next week you'll learn whether or not Haddon can avert disaster.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the origin of the word cemetery?

2—Who has been the only bachelor President of the United States?

3—What is a chiton?

4—What states border on Yellowstone National Park?

5—What is a snow snake?

6—What was called the War of Jenkins' Ear?

7—Where was the first law school established in the United States?

8—Who composed the Marseillaise of France?

9—When was the great Chicago fire?

10—What state lies equidistant from the equator and the north pole?

11—When a person can use both hands equally well, what is he called?

12—What is considered the oldest enduring city in the world?

13—When was the United States mint established?

14—Who was it said "Corporations have no souls"?

15—Who was Lord Chesterfield?

16—How many times did the children of Israel march around the walls of Jericho?

17—In what year was the Panama Canal opened?

18—Who discovered the principle of the lever?

19—What animal's perspiration is red?

20—What was the name of the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

What often causes poor appetite? *(See page 31 for answer)*

Stop punishing the child who won't eat

See first if this isn't to blame....

Very often the fault isn't the child's. There is something wrong with her appetite, due to lack of Vitamin B.

Refusal to eat is a first sign that children are not receiving enough of the important appetite-stimulating factor. Later they may stop growing and lose weight.

Help your child over this difficulty by having her drink *Chocolate Vitavose!* One glass of this delicious food drink provides as much appetite-stimulating Vitamin B as a *whole quart* of milk! It also contains food iron and other building-up factors.

Don't punish your child for not eating. Try to bring back her appetite with Chocolate Vitavose! Have her drink it regularly *every day.* It may now be obtained at all reliable drug stores.

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE

A delicious new food drink

Shoot and Be Dam

The Song of Songs—Farewell to Tuchel—An All-American Prison Camp—Morale versus Squalor and Degradation—The Germans Lay Down a Barrage of Propaganda

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 26 minutes 10 seconds.)

ELEMENTAL romance, of all unexpected things, appeared in last week's installment of Sergeant Halyburton's story. He had been telling of the arrival at Tuchel of two doughboy prisoners who proved to be would-be deserters to the German army; of the resolve of the loyal Americans in the camp to put them to death with spoiled food; of his own failure to execute this stern sentence, a failure due largely to his humanity.

It then appeared that in the inclosure adjoining his there was actually a girl, Lisaveta, a Russian who had been a top sergeant in a Battalion of Death, and whose sex was unsuspected. Halyburton got acquainted with her across the barbed-wire barrier. He bribed the sentry and made his way through the wire to visit her. Though she gave him nothing more than an invitation to join her command in a future Red army, he awaited their next meeting with pulse-stirring hopes, wildly resolved to put on a Russian uniform and follow her wherever she might lead.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton, have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART SEVEN—THE BATTLE OF RASTATT

IT was later than usual when Lisaveta appeared on her side of the wire. She was wearing a white cap and a belted tunic of the same color. The change of uniform made her seem much more feminine. Under one arm she carried a balalaika—a stringed musical instrument some prisoner had made for her.

"I am going to be a woman again—tonight." She laughed very gently. "Perhaps I can never return to my real identity again after you are gone. Oh, I know you are leaving. Everyone has heard that you'll be sent to an *Amerikanerlager*."

I scrambled through the barrier in silence, wondering how I could tell her that I had thrown my old loyalties to the winds and belonged to her. A last wire hooked my shoulders, and she lifted it, tenderly careful.

"Lisaveta, I want to tell you—I want to promise—"

"No, don't say it!" she interposed gayly. "Promises are like that. You hear them, but that is all."

I rose and followed her to the deserted casern and we again sat in the sand. In dressing herself she had made every possible effort to appear womanly. Her close-fitting blouse and trousers revealed her sex far more than they disguised it. There were rings on her hands and a bracelet on her wrist.

"Sometimes I hate music," she said. "But tonight—tonight I do not feel like that."

The black stringed box leaped up and fastened itself upon her breast. She seemed to feed it with her blood. Sated, it let fall a song wild and passionate as the Tatar in her veins.

Suddenly she tossed it aside and pulled me toward her.

"I ought to kill you, damn you!" she exclaimed. "Why did you come here? Tell me—no, tell me nothing, for I won't believe you! Just love me. . . ."

While I stared at her dumfounded, she unbuckled her belt and pressed it into my hand. She was giving herself to me, never guessing that I had come with the intention of surrendering and the expectation of nothing but her comrades. All she asked of me was love. . . .

"Why are you doing that?" I asked fiercely.

"Why? Why?" She laughed, hysteria in her voice. "Because I want you. And you're going away."

"Why don't you want me to go with you to Russia?"

"I'll have an army of men," she said. "Our worlds are different. There are barriers between us through which I couldn't pass. I knew that you would come back tonight. I tell me that you would go. But you can't go. Tonight I yours—your woman—your slave. After this we must not each other again. That is the best way. . . ."

The wind was whistling through the *Drathverau*. H clouds scudded across the moon and rain began to patt the sand. Lisaveta picked up her balalaika and strumm haunting tune—one which I was always to hear when the was in the wire.

"Love is like that," she said. "You feel it. You ti with it. Your body sings with it."

We slipped into the empty dugout. It was smelly and ho a rat scampered across the floor. The beam of a search cut through the door.

"God Almighty!" I said, not knowing why.

I opened the window and ventilator. Cool air, freshen the rain, rushed in. I turned to Lisaveta.

Hours later I dozed, my head on her lap. Rousing, I something warm and wet on my forehead. I sat up. The had been crying.

"Oh, comrade—oh, oh!"

I shivered, her sigh recalling my first terrible night Tuchel. She was pointing out the window. "It is morning light. You must go before the guards are changed again

I rose to embrace her, but she shrank from me.

"No, don't touch me, please! It has been a perfect nig a beautiful song. But the song is ended."

By one of her swift transitions she had become like a m again.

I followed her outside. There were streaks of gray in east. For a long time we looked at each other in silence. Th as though acting on a common impulse, we jerked ours erect, brought our heels together, and saluted.

Lisaveta was first to face about. Wordlessly, she vani in the mist and shadows.

I turned and drove myself to the *Drathverau*. Go on, d you! Lift up those feet! Eyes front! Go on!

I was still living in a dream when Captain von Amer paid us another early-morning call. He brought an order headquarters. We were to prepare for immediate depa for Rastatt in Baden, one of the Rhine states.

"The camp at Rastatt is the best in Germany," he told "It was used in the early days of the war in an effort to sw Irish prisoners to the German cause. Then it became *Ukrainerlager*. By means of propaganda thousands of Uk ians confined there were won over to Germany. They were into the field as German soldiers."

"You mean your government is going to try to make Ge soldiers out of us?—*us?*"

ed!

ONE of the men told Briggs to shut up. At that the lunatic whipped out a razor and slashed at him, grazing his throat.

Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

He smiled. "Oh, hardly that. But Germany has lost the ar. We will need friends, particularly in America."

"I follow you, sir. We're to be sent back to our army and mes pumped full of sympathy for Germany. Well, thank you r telling me. You have been a real friend. I hope you'll be ent with us."

Von Amerbach put a hand on my shouder. "No, my boy; m not being sent with you. I'm getting too old for service en as an interpreter, I fear. Too old—"

"We'll miss you, captain."

Tears dimmed the old aristocrat's eyes. His voice broke. You have been very kind to me."

Regaining full composure in an instant, he rose to leave. You have much work to do, sergeant. I'm sorry if I delayed ."

Hurriedly I got together a large package of food and tobacco d pressed it into his arms.

"God bless you!" On that his voice broke again.

As he had said, there was much to be done preparatory to r departure. It was not until late afternoon that I found me to be human.

Then I made up parcels of food for everyone who had own me any kindness, increasing the size when I came to y special retainers.

There were two big bundles for "Skin," the boy who was Lisaveta's brother. His eyes widened when he saw them, and then he was crying. He knew what I expected of him.

IT was time for my final report to *Feldwebel* Breitmann. I found him smoking his Peace-and-Love pipe. Of all the Germans with whom we were in close contact, he alone had held out against gratuities. I announced the completion of the transfer of our supplies.

"*Ja, ja,*" he grunted, his face immobile.

It was too much. I jerked his big pipe from his mouth, and had the pleasure of seeing just a trace of astonishment in his eyes. Emptying the bowl of its synthetic tobacco, I refilled it with the real thing, lighted it, and returned it to him.

Breitmann puffed once or twice, sighed, and settled back in his chair. I had a picture of a broad face beaming through blue clouds. I dropped three or four tins on the table and backed out of the office. Probably the *Feldwebel* neither heard nor saw me leave.

About eight o'clock that evening word came that our train had arrived at the village.

I went back to the *Drathverau* and stood for a little while looking into the shadows from which the girl had so often emerged. The wind strummed the wires. She was not there. No one was there.

Guards came to escort us to the train. I formed my outfit outside Woodchuck Inn for a last roll call. Fifty men—if Brunner could be counted—answered, "Here."

Their uniforms were neat and clean, their formation well-nigh perfect. I had never been so proud of any company.

At the station in Tuchel we lounged on the platform waiting for our dinky three-car train to pull up from a siding. Several troop trains passed, carrying *Landsturm* soldiers to the Western Front. They looked and acted much more like prisoners than we did.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just as the prison special wheezed alongside us, two officers hurried out of the station. One was *Leutnant* Karl, the other an English-speaking *Unterleutnant*.

We lined up, and Karl addressed us in German, saying that he had been commissioned by General von Kronkeit to bid us good-by and Godspeed and deliver a message. He handed a paper to his companion, who read it in English:

"Americans, we are sorry to lose you. When you came to Tuchel we did not understand you. You did not understand us, nor the conditions under which we were fighting. War, in all its phases, is terrible. We want you to remember that we have no better food to give you than what you received from us. You are going on a journey. Look around you and you will see women and children starving. You will see soldiers on half rations.

"When we found that you Americans were men and soldiers, we did the best we could for you. Your stay in Germany will be made as pleasant as possible hereafter.

"I extend to you my good wishes. May we have the pleasure of meeting again when hostilities between our governments cease."

I stepped out and thanked the *Leutnant* and we stood smiling at each other for a moment. I was remembering von Kronkeit's first speech, assigning us to the wood detail and threatening us with a firing squad. I recalled, too, the attempt Karl himself had made to force me to salute German fashion. He must have been thinking of the same things; for when I accorded him a smart salute he returned it in American army style.

We climbed into the third-class coaches, immediately discovering that the compartments could not have been better designed to accommodate crap-shooters and card-players. Bones and train began to roll. The crazy Briggs was singing.

For the first time in my army career I passed up a chance to gamble. Geoghegan and Upton, settling themselves beside me, found my silence puzzling.

"This Rastatt place ought to be heaven beside what we've been through," said Charley. "Think, man—we may get some rest there."

"Rest!" I exclaimed—and then I knew what ailed me.

I was old and worn out. I had lived an age at Tuchel. From now on a back seat would satisfy me.

EXCEPT for Briggs' raving our trip would have been like a sight-seeing tour. At all stops the guards permitted us to go outside, exercise, view the country, and talk to the people.

Once we had been exhibited to the German populace. Now it was part of the scheme that we see the want and misery of the Germans. A striking change had come over the whole country. The peasants, soldiers, and shopkeepers we encountered looked undernourished, if not actually starved. They talked only of peace.

It had been found advisable to keep Briggs inside when the rest of us left the train. He had a way of acquiring anything that appealed to him. His pockets bulged with souvenirs—none harmful, we supposed.

We reached Rastatt at 10:30 P. M., August 3, after five days and nights of travel. As we formed in line to march to the prison camp two kilometers outside the city, I heard that Briggs was displaying a razor. I quietly relieved him of it, telling him it would be safer in my hands, as the Germans would not search me at the camp. It did not seem worth while to search him, now that I had the razor.

Before I got back to the head of the column he began "preaching," and one of the men, tired of the never-ending uproar, told him to shut up. At that the lunatic whipped out a second razor and slashed at the private, grazing his throat.

So furious had been the attack that Briggs himself fell headlong. Three or four men jumped on him and held his hands until I could again disarm him. This time I went through his pockets. Curiously enough, neither the madman nor anyone else in the outfit could explain his possession of razors, the use of which was restricted to camp barbers.

It was eleven thirty when we reached the new *Amerikanerlager*. Marched directly through the gates to a long, low-roofed wooden barrack, we saw little of the camp. The hut itself seemed well built and large enough to be comfortable. But the floor was filthy, the bunks in disorder. Ragged American army uniforms had been dropped just where the wearers had undressed. The air was as foul as that of a Russian dug-out at Tuchel. Most of the occupants of the casern were asleep.

Sergeant Halyburton's first company commanders at Rastatt. The one with the cane is Upton.

"WHERE'S the noncom in charge?" I asked, my heart sinking. "What bunks are we to take?"

A fellow whose long hair and beard and dirty neck would have put a hobo to shame roared back: "Ha-ha! Get that, guys! He wants to know what bunks to take! Where in hell do you think you are, buddy—in the army? You take any damn' place you can."

I looked at Upton and Geoghegan. "Here's where we get that rest you were talking about!"

"Maybe they aren't as bad as they smell," snorted Frank. "Or maybe this is just the National Army hut."

I was out at sunrise, studying the camp. It was much smaller than Tuchel, better planned and more suited to human habitation. Like Tuchel, it was inclosed and divided by entanglements, all thick and high, guarded by machine-gun towers. The buildings were of tar paper and wood, comparing favorably with those in American army cantonments.

The inclosure in which I found myself was at the extreme north end, opposite the hospital. Besides the hut in which I had slept, there were five other caserns in it, a kitchen, and a guardroom.

I counted twelve similar blocks in the camp, all unoccupied except one that adjoined us. Its inmates were Ukrainians. As I contemplated the vacant blocks, I thought grimly of the thousands of such prisoners who must have marched in German uniforms to fight against their own countrymen.

At the *Russenlager* our captors' attitude had been one of wholesome enmity at first. But this thing here that made traitors out of prisoners was a force like nothing I had ever encountered. It was sneaking and slimy. It hid itself everywhere and struck not at bodies but at minds.

Shaken by my thoughts, I went back to the barracks for a better inspection of my fellow prisoners. Guards were assembling them for roll call. Dirty, unshaven, clad in rags, they stood huddled like castaways on a desert island. No one could have guessed their nationality. I would not have believed that Americans could lose all sense of decency and self-respect.

At the end of the roll call the *Feldwebel* asked that a German-speaking sergeant volunteer to take charge of the interior of the American block. I interpreted the request as a bid for the services of a pro-German.

The Battle of Rastatt had begun.

Geoghegan was standing next to me. We looked at each other for an instant; then I faced away. Down the line a sergeant stepped out to offer himself. There was a big hole in his trousers. His shirt was ripped across the back. I had a glimpse of dirty skin.

Charley nudged me. But I was frozen—unable to speak or move.

Then Briggs broke ranks and his mad voice rang across the field: "Get back there, you crumby son of a——!"

He grabbed the volunteer and sent him reeling into the line. The sergeant cursed and tried to get away.

"Another move out of you and I'll knock your scabby face off!" roared the madman. "We've got a sergeant who'll take charge of this outfit, and I'll help him! Come on, Halyburton!"

Briggs' war whoops warmed and revivified me.

"Let's go," I said to Charley, and to Briggs: "Back into the ranks! Let me do the talking now."

The madman went back to his place quietly, and Charley and I approached the *Feldwebel,* who seemed amused.

"Can you speak German?" he wanted to know.

"Not much—but I have an interpreter."

"Very well. Dismiss your men and report to me at the guardroom."

Turning to the prisoners, who were breaking ranks, I called them to attention.

"Look at me, you stumble-bums, and listen. I'm an Old Army sergeant. You've let yourselves slip until you don't give a damn about anything. You'd be better off dead.

"You're prisoners; but you're still soldiers, subject to the orders of your noncommissioned officers. Refusal to obey orders will mean punishment here, and when you're returned to the United States army some of you won't go home—you'll go to Fort Leavenworth.

"Take a look at the men who came here from Tuchel and then look at yourselves! And don't get the idea that I'm alone. My men wouldn't ask anything better than a chance to lick your whole damn' crew. I'm giving you just three days to clean up your barracks and yourselves. Wash, shave, sew up your uniforms and get some buttons on. Dismissed!"

The detachment from Tuchel marched away grinning in anticipation of a good fight. The others, shuffled back to their barracks, jeering, cursing, and growling.

AT the guardroom, the *Feldwebel* started giving us the orders of the camp. I listened a while, then stopped him.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I know you intend to tell me what we can do. Listen and you'll save yourself a lot of time and trouble. I'll tell you what you can do."

The German's mouth fell open, but he listened.

"We want you to keep all guards out of the interior of the block," I continued. "Our men will run things inside and the result will be satisfactory to all. When you want anything, come to me. If you want a working party, send me a requisition. I'll have a corporal or sergeant get out the detail and accompany it. In that way you will be saved trouble and our men will be saved from the disagreeable pushing and shoving to which prisoners are subjected by guards and German foremen who can't give orders in our language. No American prisoner must be pushed around.

"If you meet our terms we'll promise to obey all camp rules and protect the German property in our possession."

Feeling that now was the best time to obtain concessions, I had pressed for everything we could reasonably expect to gain.

WHEN I finished stating our demands the *Feldwebel* was still a perfect picture of bewilderment. Seeing that he groped for words, I put an answer in his mouth:

"Take up the matter with the *Kommandeur's* office."

He agreed and we stamped out, satisfied. Our next move was to round up and harangue all the noncoms in the block. Some looked as bad or worse than the privates, but we had need of noncoms. For five or ten minutes I whooped it up, appealing to their fighting spirit and pride in command.

My stuff went over. They began to take heart. I called on them for advice and information, learning that, with my fifty men, the population of the *Amerikanerlager* was now almost six hundred. Our predecessors had been brought in small groups, all leaderless, from scattered camps. Most of them had been captives less than two months.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie. But the next time you don it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your teeth—the once-over!

Be sure men won't say about *you:* "Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: You aren't attractive unless your teeth are white. And good-looking teeth depend on firm *gums!*

Your gums *aren't* firm. Today's soft foods don't *stimulate* them. So your gums gradually become flabby and weak. They bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." It may lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then rub a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums and keeps them firm. "Pink tooth brush" disappears. Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB - 82, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

HAY FEVER VICTIM!

This photograph of an actual sufferer from hay fever shows how unattractive in appearance it causes eyes to become.

Positive relief from

Hay Fever Eyes

To gain positive relief from the smarting, watering, bloodshot eyes that accompany hay fever, simply apply a few drops of cooling, soothing *Murine* from time to time. Almost at once the smarting and watering will cease, and before long the unsightly redness will disappear completely!

This harmless lotion should be in every home to soothe away inflammation resulting from exposure to sun, wind and dust, and to relieve eye strain caused by reading, sewing or office work. Countless people use it *daily* to keep their eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

In times like these . . .

Sell A

PRACTICAL MARKET

Eliminate dwellers in the wide open spaces, where it costs $3 to sell a $2 bill of goods.

Concentrate on families with incomes high enough to provide adequate—and immediate—purchasing power.

Then choose the medium that reaches this hand-picked market most effectively—economically—*profitably*.

Your advertising appropriation—per dollar spent—reaches more urban families with incomes of $2,000 and over in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page twenty-nine]

Most of my men from Tuchel were as truly American as anyone could possibly be. They were all regulars or volunteers. The group with which we were merging included men of many racial strains who had served with the regulars, marines, National Guard, or National Army. Not a few were full-blooded Germans, though natives of the United States. Among them every branch of the service was represented, from the hospital corps to the aviation section.

Not a few, finding it to their advantage, were openly fraternizing with the guards and sending home letters favorable to Germany. Those who remained loyal to their colors were torn by dissension, the National Guardsmen fighting the drafted men, the marines fighting the state troops, and the regulars fighting them all. Eyes had been gouged out and ears chewed off in camp brawls.

The Red Cross had been sending food to some of the prisoners as individuals. As individuals they ate it, selling unwanted portions. No bulk supplies such as we had received at Tuchel had yet come through from Berne.

I divided the outfit into six companies, one for each casern, letting the men pick their own associates as far as possible. I chose the biggest, scrappiest, and most intelligent sergeants as company commanders, and assigned a couple of heavyweight corporals to act as aids to each of them.

The sergeants agreed to be responsible for the appearance of their barracks and men. I left to them the means they were to use in restoring discipline and decency.

As our meeting with the noncoms was breaking up I inquired whether anyone knew the whereabouts of Jim Roberts, one of my old Sixteenth Infantry buddies, now in Germany with both eyes and an arm shot away. A disabled prisoner, arriving at Tuchel, had reported that he had seen Roberts in a hospital at Metz, near death but receiving sympathetic attention from German orderlies.

"Roberts? Why, say, there's a blind man in Number Two casern who might be your friend," a corporal told me.

NUMBER TWO casern was near the outer barrier. A veritable pigsty, it held fifty wrangling men. One of them, a half-naked giant, pointed indifferently toward a far corner when I asked where the blind prisoner was quartered.

I approached the bunk quietly. The occupant turned his head. He was eyeless, his face horribly disfigured and his body broken. Yet I recognized him instantly as the man who had once been Roberts.

Even more stunning than the shock of recognition was the realization that he was being allowed to die in his bunk unattended. The blanket from which the stump of his right arm protruded was befouled. His eating utensils did not seem to have been used in days.

I knelt beside the stinking bunk.

"Jim!" I called. "Jim! It's Ed Halyburton."

He tried to raise himself, but fell back weakly.

"I'm glad you're here, Ed," he whispered.

"Jim, what in Christ's name are they doing to you here? Don't they even feed you?"

Tears were smarting my twitching eyelids.

"Oh, they feed me when they think about it, Ed. I'm not blaming them. Hell, I'm not worth the bother! Maybe, if I'm left to myself, I can die."

I had the awful feeling that I could pull the sky down on all vile humanity.

"I know what you're thinking, Ed," he said. "But don't take it to heart. Remember, they can't help being that way. The war's hit them pretty hard, too."

BUT I was raging. I tore through that hut, driving his bunkmates before me. They jammed the door like sheep, only one offering any resistance. I smashed his snarling face and he went down, carrying a couple of others with him.

"When I talked to you scum-licking sewer rats at roll call I thought you were Americans!" I began, and went on till I ran out of "fighting names," mostly unprintable. When it was over, no one in the mob moved. No one tried to answer.

I turned my back and walked away slowly. When a hand pulled at my sleeve, I whirled, ready for a fight to the death. A young marine had followed me.

"I'll take care of Roberts, sergeant," he said, head down. "I guess we had it coming to us."

"Good kid."

I glanced back at the gang. Some were seeing the light, it seemed. The others would hate me—always, perhaps. But mass hate was better than panic. While they were cursing me and planning revenge they would think less about themselves.

Going back to the casern a little later with food, I found Roberts had been washed and moved to a clean bunk. A half dozen men were hovering around. I understood that the blind man would not want for attention again.

The food problems that beset us at Tuchel were recurring at Rastatt in a form even more difficult, I had learned. Intrusting further disciplinary action to the company commanders, I picked up Geoghegan and Upton and we started out to learn what could be done.

A relief committee had been organized by the first contingent sent there, but its members lacked experience in negotiating with the Red Cross. Overriding all objections, we fused the bigger body with our three-man group and we took the executive jobs, Upton the secretaryship, Geoghegan the vice presidency, and I the presidency.

Upton wrote at once to Berne, setting forth our needs. We had brought enough reserve food from West Prussia to care for every man in the new camp for a few days. Rightfully, we supposed, this food belonged only to the men who had been at Tuchel. Nevertheless, we decided to pool it with the individual packages coming into Rastatt and prorate the supplies thus acquired among all the prisoners.

The Tuchel detachment was for the arrangement to a man, though it was we who stood to lose by it. Certain citizen soldiers, who had been getting weekly packages in their own names at Rastatt, came around screaming about the injustice being done them and threatening to report us to Berne. We gave them something else to report—a few rights to their jaws.

That ended hostilities in the relief committee's sector for a time, but elsewhere the war went on merrily. I had picked my company commanders wisely. In barracks it was healthy to pack a scrub brush—for those who preferred scrapping to scrubbing were promptly accommodated. Heads were cracked and noses broken. Some of the noncoms were knocked out, but there were so many determined men on our side that whenever a casern leader went down somebody stepped into his place and the triumphant mutineer eventually had to take his whipping.

The battle with the recalcitrant prisoners ended the second day. The third day, all men who could be counted mentally responsible appeared at roll call with clean hands and faces, their ragged uniforms neat as they could make them. The floors of the caserns had been scrubbed white and the bunks were in good order.

A lad from New York's East Side had set up a tailor shop and was working wonders with a few needles and spools of thread. Grimbsley, a former barber, was swinging the razors I had taken from Briggs.

THE mad sergeant, now firmly convinced that I could do anything, went around preaching the greatness of Ed Halyburton. He also wanted a job—some little business such as being Kaiser. He had developed, among other things, a sanitation mania, which gave me the idea that I might get rid of him by detailing him to the hospital.

"There'll be a German doctor there and he'll think that he runs things," I said to him. "Don't let him know that you're the big boss. Do as he says, but keep an eye on him. See that he doesn't put poison in the soup."

Briggs' smile was cunning. "That's the very job I want."

As the German doctor was the only real medical man in the hospital, he could not give our sick and wounded proper care. So I selected the best hospital corps men we had, some of them medical students, and sent them along with Briggs.

Hardly had he disappeared when I realized that what I had thought a smart move might lead to wholesale murder. In view of the razor episode, I could picture the madman purloining knives and stealing through the halls of the hospital to cut and slash the patients. Perhaps he would take a notion to kill the doctor. I sent word that the sergeant should be watched.

A couple of days later I happened to be standing on the hospital side of our inclosure. A door swinging out from one of the ward buildings caught my eyes.

Then out stepped Briggs with the air of a general. After him came the German doctor, looking like an aid.

"How are you getting along, Briggs?" I called.

He yelled at the top of his voice: "I've got this hole cleaned up and under control, and a squarehead sergeant major is shining my shoes! If you can't keep those fellows clean on your side of the fence, let me know!"

THE doctor did not seem perturbed. The strange pair moved away and Briggs waved his hand. "See you later. You know I have to watch this damn' sawbones so he won't poison us."

Afterward I talked to the doctor about him.

"Dot iss der strangest case I haf had," he said. "Dot man Briggs vould not leaf me alone vun minute ven first he comes to *das Spital*. I vish him to stay inside. Vould he? *Nein*. He muss mit me like a shadow go. Vell, I t'ink I make der study mit him."

The German exhibited a notebook entitled, "1032—Unmerf.—Amerikaner—Briggs." I guessed that the contents were clinical observations of the nut's behavior.

"I t'ink I haf found his weakness, *ja*," the doctor continued. "He gets much besser."

So Briggs, too, found his place and had the twists in his brain untangled.

The Germans were offering no objections to our drive to clean up and organize the men, due, I think, both to an inherent liking for neatness and order and a desire that we establish leadership, thereby simplifying the work of winning all of us. They took the view that the privates would follow their leaders in everything, and that American noncoms could be bought as easily as those of some of the other Allied armies.

I began to understand that it was against the noncommissioned officers that the propaganda *Putsch* would be directed in its initial stage.

Calling another meeting of the sergeants and corporals, I told them what to expect.

Then it came—a barrage of soft soap and small favors fired at us from all sides. Naturally, the big guns were centering their fire on me.

Tense drama with comic interludes, developed in later stages of the "Battle of Rastatt," will feature Sergeant Halyburton's story in Liberty next week.

Answer to Chocolate Vitavose question—Poor appetite is often caused by lack of Vitamin B.

Try this new kind of chocolate milk drink!

It does children so much more good than ordinary chocolate drinks—the kind that merely flavor milk.

Chocolate Vitavose, because it is rich in the appetite-stimulating factor, Vitamin B, particularly benefits the child who won't eat.

It furnishes blood-building iron and other nourishing factors which make such a difference in the way children feel.

Instead of the ordinary powders and syrups you no doubt have tried, change now to Squibb Chocolate Vitavose!

OFFER TO MOTHERS

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE

E. R. Squibb & Sons,
Dept. L7, 745 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Please send me sample of Chocolate Vitavose and booklet, "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat". I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—From the Greek word meaning sleeping place.

2—Buchanan.

3—The garment commonly worn next to the skin by both sexes in classical times.

4—Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana.

5—An implement used in an Indian game in the form of a staff or "snake" to be hurled along ice or snowy ground.

6—One between England and Spain in 1739, precipitated by the cutting off of the ear of Robert Jenkins, master mariner, by a Spanish captain.

7—In Litchfield, Connecticut.

8—Rouget de Lisle.

9—October 8 to 11, 1871.

10—Maine.

11—Ambidextrous.

12—Damascus.

13—In 1792.

14—Sir Edward Coke in writing his seventeenth-century law books.

15—An English statesman, society leader, and wit of the eighteenth century, noted for his politeness.

16—Thirteen.

17—1914.

18—Archimedes.

19—The hippopotamus', due to an oily excretion which mixes with it.

20—The Savannah, May 22 to June 20, 1819.

BACKSTAGE *in*

Two New Pictures Poke
Lonsdale Comedy and

By FREDERICK

Constance Bennett and Lowell Sherman in What Price Hollywood, in which the film capital laughs at itself.

In the center of this trio stands Gertrude Lawrence, star of Aren't We All? The others are Owen Nares and Renée Gadd.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD is off on a new slant: an exposure of the humors, tragedies, heartaches, and glories of Hollywood itself.

The movie colony, sensitive to frequent attacks, is bending over backward in these films in refusing to take itself seriously. It is poking fun at itself and laughing with as little self-consciousness as possible.

Constance Bennett is appearing in the guise of a Brown Derby waitress who becomes a movie star. The old laugh at the silent films, Merton of the Movies, has been dressed up with microphones and sound tracks.

In the next few months you are going to see a lot of Hollywood from the inside on the screens of your local theaters. Is Hollywood right in letting the public sit back of the cameras, viewing all the little fakes and shams of movie-making?

What would you think of a magician who showed you that the rabbit really came out of a trapdoor instead of a hat? You would be diverted, but I doubt you would have any more faith in magicians or in rabbits.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD

CAST

Mary Evans.....Constance Bennett
Maximilian Carey.....Lowell Sherman
Lonny Borden.....Neil Hamilton
Julius Saxe.....Gregory Ratoff
Muto.....Brooks Benedict
Cassie.....Louise Beavers
James.....Eddie Anderson

Directed by George Cukor.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

The first of the films showing the inside of Hollywood's great industry of manufacturing glamour, personality, and amusement. The story, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, traces the rise to stardom of Mary Evans, screen-struck waitress of the Brown Derby, her marriage to a polo-playing youth, her loss of public favor through scandal, her flight to France with her child. More important to the story than Mary Evans is Maximilian Carey, bored, cynical, hard-drinking director, who would rather produce a good gag than a screen epic. One of his drunken escapades gives the waitress her chance to get within the sacred studio walls. As she rises to the top, he suddenly slips to the bottom. She befriends him, and his final suicide unleashes the moral righteousness of the movie masses.

Lowell Sherman really steals the picture from Constance Bennett as the gay, bitter, alcoholic Max Carey. Here is one of the best performances of the film year. Miss Bennett is excellent, too, as the blonde who comes to taste the bitterness along with the sweets of success.

You will find high interest in the glimpses behind the scenes: of the building of an unknown into a public "discovery," of a talkie in the making, of all the Barnum-Grauman hokum of a great Hollywood première, of the maddest town in the world viewed from the inside.

★ ★ MAKE ME A STAR

CAST

Merton Gill.....Stuart Erwin
"Flips" Montague.....Joan Blondell
Mrs. Scudder.....Zasu Pitts
Ben.....Ben Turpin
Mr. Gashwiler.....Charles Sellon
Mrs. Gashwiler.....Florence Roberts
Tessie Kearns.....Helen Jerome Eddy
Hardy Powell.....Arthur Hoyt
Buck Benson.....George Templeton
The Countess.....Ruth Donnelly
Jeff Baird.....Sam Hardy
Henshaw.....Oscar Apfel
Ma Patterson....Catherine Claire Ward
Chuck Collins.....Frank Mills
Doris Randall.....Polly Walters

Directed by William Beaudine.
Produced by Paramount.

Your old pal, Harry Leon Wilson's Merton of the Movies, is back again with a new title and a new Merton. Mr. Wilson wrote a highly amusing yarn of a screen-struck youth and his storming of the Hollywood heights

HOLLYWOOD

Fun at the Movies; An Old Chic Sale Talkie Another

JAMES SMITH

Yes, the gentleman is Chic Sale, crotchety hero of Stranger in Town. His piquant companion is Ann Dvorak.

A heartfelt little scene from the film comedy, Make Me a Star, as Stuart Erwin plays it.

in the good old silent days. Merton Gill's acting is so bad that it is good, and they slip him into a burlesque Western melodrama. Poor Merton thinks he is giving his all for his art—until the première of the film. Then he finds that his heart is broken but that he is a comedy star.

Merton, as Mr. Wilson wrote him and as he was once played by Glenn Hunter, was a touching, naïve, wistful figure of humor. The new Merton, Stuart Erwin, makes him a dull dumbbell. Moreover, the comedy moves too slowly as a talkie.

There are, however, the intimate glimpses of a great studio in action, and you will get close-ups of Chevalier, Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney, and other stars going about their glamorous business.

★ ★ AREN'T WE ALL?

CAST

Margot	Gertrude Lawrence
Lord Grenham	Hugh Wakefield
Willie	Owen Nares
Von Eisen	Harold Huth
Lady Frinton	Marie Lohr
The Cabaret Dancer	Rita Page
Kitty	Renée Gadd
The Vicar	Aubrey Mathew
Angela	Emily Fitzroy

Directed by Harry Lachman.
Produced by Paramount; British Production.

A frail and slender Frederick Lonsdale comedy, filmed in England with the London-New York favorite, Gertrude Lawrence, starred. A young wife discovers, upon her return from a holiday on the Continent, that her husband has been playing a bit. He, too, learns that she has been a trifle indiscriminate with her affections. The husband's worldly wise father plots to make them tolerant. Aren't we all a bit inclined to err? Mr. Lonsdale points out.

I am not sure that you will like Miss Lawrence in pictures. The cameras certainly lend her no aid.

★ STRANGER IN TOWN

CAST

Crickle	Chic Sale
Marian	Ann Dvorak
Jerry	David Manners
Elmer Perkins	Raymond Hatton
Hilliker	Noah Beery
Mrs. Petrick	Maude Eburne
Brice	Lyle Talbot
Jed	John Larkin
Woman Customer	Jessie Arnold

Directed by Erle C. Kenton.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Little new to this picture, save a few shots of Chic Sale, the perennial Civil War veteran, as a young man back in the days of the Oregon Trailers. But most of the story concerns old Crickle, his Middle Western village grocery emporium, and the menace of a chain-store grocery.

Old Crickle gets a tough buffeting by fate until the melodramatic happy ending.

Mr. Sale is as usual, and Ann Dvorak lends personable aid as his granddaughter.

Do you know that—

Despite all the rumors, Charlie Chaplin's immortal little vagabond remains voiceless in his new (and soon to be started) comedy?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team.

★★★—Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

HER FROZ

The Story of a Two-Girl Man in which Love Jumps Over a Bank Account

Right on the sidewalk, in all that crowd, he was opening

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

IT seems that once there was a boy who met a girl at the beach in the summer time, and got engaged to her. . . . What? You've heard that one? But wait—that was only the beginning. They realized that it was only the beginning as they sat on the sand the next morning. A hedge behind them shut off the beach from her father's house, so she was in his arms.

"And you've got to go back to town this afternoon!" she sighed. "Darling, we've wasted our time. We ought to have started this sooner."

"I wanted to start it the day we met," he said moodily. "But I—I felt I hadn't any right, Phyl. Your father's got a lot of money—"

"You know that doesn't matter, Dick."

"Not to you. But to me—"

"You Tysons have your pride, eh?" she said resentfully. "The Tysons, by gad, suh, of Mississippi."

He shrugged. "Absurd, I know. But your father's crazy about you—and about his business, too. The man you marry will have to go into the company—and I'd be vice president in about two years just because I was your husband. I wouldn't feel right doing that, Phyl."

"Of course not, darling. I understand."

At breakfast she had told her father that she was engaged to Dick Tyson. Her father had said: "Engaged? Nonsense! These summer flirtations—" And when she had told him she meant it, her father had said: "Well, he needn't expect me to give him a job. He's a nice boy in the parlor, but I wouldn't have him around the office."

Phyllis had realized then that her father would need managing; and now it began to look as if Dick was going to need managing. Rather a burden to have thrust on you when you were only nineteen and just out of school! But since men didn't seem capable of managing themselves—

"What about your job?" she said. "You told me about it once, but I'm afraid I wasn't listening." (She'd been thinking, while he was telling her, how she loved his eyes.) "You're in advertising, aren't you?"

"Publicity. Not the ballyhoo kind," he reassured her. "I'm with Bateman, Bateman, Bernstein & de Lirio. We do only a dignified sort of work for the highest class of clients—universities and cathedrals and Nobel Prize winners and so on. I like the job—but I only get forty a week. And I couldn't live on your allowance, Phyl."

"I know you couldn't, darling. It's understood that my allowance stops when I get married."

It had been understood since breakfast, when her father had also said: "And he needn't think he's going to live high on your money. With business the way it is, I can't carry a useless son-in-law." She knew he was hoping for a useful son-in-law—hoping, in fact, for that rising young man in the organization, Frank Fullis.

"Of course," Dick went on, "I've got five hundred dollars—"

"But that's wonderful, darling! To save so much out of a small salary your first year out of college—"

"I didn't exactly save it out of my salary," he con-

EN ASSET

er bag—and there was the watch she had been looking at.

By

ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

fessed. "I won it on a horse race. Still, I've got it. If you'd marry me on that, Phyl, this afternoon— It would be an awful rub," he warned her. "Especially for you. But if you'd be willing to try it—"

SHE wanted to try it more than she had ever wanted anything in her life; but she sat silent, gravely considering. Slim, elflike, with the salt wind ruffling her ash-blonde hair, she looked about sixteen—till you saw the cool, resolute maturity in her eyes.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't work, Dick. At school they taught me how to behave in a drawing-room but not in a kitchenette. But I'll learn to cook this fall. Any hope of a raise?"

"Mr. Bateman's promised me one as soon as business picks up."

"Then everything's all right," said Phyllis in relief. "Business is going to pick up, and you'll get your raise, and I'll learn to cook. And then—!"

"But till then," he said gloomily, "I'll be in New York and you'll be in St. Louis. That won't be much fun."

"No—but it might be good for us, Dick. We've only known each other ten days—"

"You don't think this is just one of those things that happen at the beach in the summer time?" he demanded hotly.

"I certainly don't. But I'm going to be sure before I marry you. I'm not the kind of girl that thinks the first husband doesn't matter because you can always go to Reno. I want this to last, my dear."

"Of course it's going to last!" he told her.

But of course he hadn't heard about Frank Fullis; and she had never heard of Diana Sackett; and neither of them had counted on her father.

IN September Phyl and her father stopped in New York on the way home. He had business in Wall Street; but Phyl lunched with Dick every day, and every evening she brought him to dine with her father at the Ritz. After dinner her father always had tickets for one of the more costly musical shows. A few days of that, he reasoned, and those two crazy children would realize that a girl who was used to the Ritz couldn't possibly live on Dick Tyson's salary.

So he reasoned; but he wasn't young and in love.

The day before they left, Dick asked Phyl and her father to tea at the apartment—two rooms and a kitchenette—that he shared with a newspaper man named Joe Hanley. It was a fairly transparent excuse to show her how she'd have to live if she married him; and while Joe Hanley was shaking a drink for her father in the living room Phyl was kissing Dick in the kitchenette and telling him that they could get along beautifully in a little place like this. So he was happy and she was happy, and by the time her father had finished two or three of Joe Hanley's cocktails he was happy too. (Nobody wondered whether Joe Hanley was happy; he was only part of the interior decoration.) Anyway, they all laughed a good deal, and presently there was a tap at the door. Dick opened it to a girl whose smile displayed the prettiest set of teeth Phyl had ever seen. The newcomer looked at Phyl and her father and then began to back out, apologizing.

"Oh, I'm sorry! You can hear everything through these doors and I thought you boys were throwing a party. I mean the kind of party anybody can crash—" The closing door shut off the rest of it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page thirty-five

"Who was that?" Phyl asked a little abruptly.

"Friend of mine," said Joe with suspicious promptness. "Diana Sackett—reporter on one of the tabloids. She lives just down the hall."

But Phyl had seen that first quick glance that Diana had flung at Dick—not at Joe; a glance that asked, "Who are these people, anyway?" All the way back to St. Louis Phyl was thinking about Diana—Diana who lived just down the hall while Phyl lived a thousand miles away. Joe Hanley had promised, when he came to the train with Dick to say good-by, that he'd look after Dick for her; and she'd told him that she didn't want a man who couldn't look after himself. But that was a lie; she wanted Dick Tyson regardless.

At home, however, she had other things to think about—for instance, Frank Fullis, bald-headed and assiduous. Really it wasn't fair to Frank not to tell him about Dick. So she told him, and he went scowling to her father's office.

"Hello, Frank," said her father. "About this new financing—"

"That can wait," said Frank Fullis. "Phyl tells me she's engaged."

"Nonsense!" said her father. "Just one of these summer flurries. She's young and takes it seriously, but let her alone and she'll get over it."

Frank Fullis shook his head. "She's not the kind that gets over things. Who is he?"

"Oh, a nice Southern boy with no money and no aggressiveness. Needn't worry, Frank; he can't support her, and I told her I wouldn't support him."

"But you would," said Fullis, "if they got married anyway."

"I might," her father admitted; "but she doesn't know it. I flatter myself, Frank, that I handled this pretty diplomatically. Just said they'd have to wait till he made some money. And while they're waiting she won't be seeing him; she'll be playing around with her old friends—"

"And you think it's out of sight, out of mind? Not with her," said Fullis. "When she wants a thing she doesn't let go."

"No, she doesn't. But the boy's made of different stuff. Phyl's here and he's in New York. And that town's full of women that, when they want to see a man, they just knock at his door and walk in. And he's not the kind to slam the door in their faces. Just keep him and Phyl apart for a while, and he'll—"

"Throw her over? I don't like that!" Fullis announced.

"Neither do I," said her father. "But being disappointed in love is part of an education. It's got to happen to her sometime, and the sooner it happens the easier she'll get over it." He spoke with authority; he had been disappointed in love himself, having married the girl of his dreams. "And now," he said, "about that new financing—"

EVERY time Dick opened a letter from Phyl that fall, he was afraid. But every letter said that she loved him more than ever; and it seemed that, with all her engagements, she was managing to spend a couple of hours each morning at an Institute of Domestic Arts. So she was learning to cook, doing her part. And he?

He was still getting forty a week, and was lucky to have a job at all when the office was only marking time. More than once he started to ask Mr. Bateman, the head of the firm, about that raise; but after a glance at Mr. Bateman's morose countenance he always changed the subject. But one evening, when he left the office, he stopped in for a drink at a speakeasy down the block; and there at the farther end of the bar stood Mr. Bateman, all alone. Dick thought this might be the golden moment.

"Mr. Bateman!" he said boldly. "What chance of getting a raise?"

"Why, my boy," said Mr. Bateman, "you've practically had a raise; with prices so low your salary will buy about twice as much as it would last year. What would you do with more money if you had it?"

"Well, sir, I'd like to get married."

"So would I," said Mr. Bateman. "But I would have to get divorced first, and with business the way it is I don't know how I could afford counsel's fees and alimony. Don't worry, Tyson—you'll get a raise when the upturn comes. Your girl will wait for you—and if she doesn't, then you will never have to wonder where you can raise the money for counsel's fees and alimony."

It was evident that Mr. Bateman lacked sympathy; so Dick went away. By the time he got home he was feeling pretty low. He needed another cocktail—and there wasn't a thing to drink in his apartment. Luckily, in the hall he met Diana Sackett of the pearly teeth.

"I was just going to have a drink," she told him. "And I hate to drink alone; so many people think solitary drinkers are depraved."

TO keep her from feeling depraved he went in and had a couple of drinks with her, or maybe three or four. Diana's company had been the only bright spot in his life this fall; and it occurred to him now that when he had been with her so much she might think—well, it would be only fair to tell her about Phyl. So he told her about Phyl, and she said no wonder he looked so worried. Because of course a physical attraction might hit anybody, especially at the beach in the summer time; but when two people lived so far apart and had so little in common it couldn't last, unless they were both rather remarkable persons; and she only hoped Dick's girl was as remarkable a person as he was. If he didn't mind her being frank.

He said he liked people who were frank. But he didn't like it when he went back to his own apartment and Joe Hanley was frank.

"I know where you've been," Joe said, "and I know how long you've been there. And I want to say that if you ditch that girl in St. Louis for this little never-mind-what, you deserve to be kicked all the way from Wall Street to Yonkers."

Dick wanted to tell him that he had no idea of ditching Phyl; but he also wanted to tell him that Diana wasn't a little never-mind-what. And besides, his head ached.

"Oh, hell!" he said, and felt that that covered the situation.

Out in St. Louis, Phyl was beginning to feel that way too.

Just after New Year's her father told her that he had to go to New York for a couple of days, and she said she would go along.

"But you've got a string of engagements!" he protested.

"I'll break them. I want to see Dick."

"I thought you'd got over that by this time," he muttered. She only smiled. "And are you sure he hasn't got over it?" he persisted. "I must say, for a young fellow who thinks he wants to get married, he doesn't seem to be doing much about it."

"He can't help being poor, dad."

"Poor!" her father snorted. "People who never had any money don't know what being poor means. Look at me!" Phyl looked at him, smoking a ninety-cent cigar in a house that had cost two hundred thousand dollars. "Right now," he said, "I'm ruined. Worse than ruined, at the present quotation of our company's stock."

"Good heavens, dad! I've saved twelve hundred out of my allowance. If that would help you any—"

He laughed heartily. "Lord bless you, it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket! But you needn't worry; the bankers will carry me till the upturn comes."

"Everybody seems to be waiting for the upturn," she said drearily.

"That's the trouble. They're all waiting—as if the upturn was going to sneak up on them when they weren't looking. What this country needs is people who make their own upturn—go around the corner and drag the damn' thing in by the scruff of the neck. But it will come some day, and when it does

I'll be all right. It's only a question of frozen assets."

She frowned uneasily. "I don't know much about business, dad. What is a frozen asset?"

"Something you've got to put more into, to get out what you've put in already. Something that's perfectly good, you understand, only it needs to be thawed out and put to work. I've got to make this New York trip to arrange for some more credit to carry me along. And if you'd really like to go with me—"

So presently she was telegraphing to Dick that she'd be in New York and at the Ritz on Monday morning, waiting for him to call her up.

All Monday morning she waited, and by noon she was worried enough to telephone his office. She learned, then, that Dick was taking a few days off. So she called the apartment and was answered by Joe Hanley. (He worked on a morning paper and had just got up.)

"Phyl!" he gasped. "Was that telegram from you? . . . No, it came just after he left. . . . I don't know where he went; upstate somewhere."

"Come to lunch," she said, "and tell me about it."

Pretty obviously something was wrong, and when Joe came it wasn't hard to pry the truth out of him. Dick had gone away with Diana.

"Not what you might think," said Joe hastily. "She went home to spend a few days with her people, and she persuaded him that he needed a rest and ought to come with her. So it isn't as bad as if—"

"Isn't it?" Phyl queried. "I don't know what could be worse than going home with her to let her parents look him over."

"Honest, Phyl, he didn't mean it that way. He's crazy about you! She keeps after him, but if you lived in town he'd never look at her. Only you live in St. Louis and she lives right in this dump, down the hall."

She nodded; she knew Dick was easily led. When they were married she'd lead him, and make him like it; but in the meantime—

"He wouldn't let her bother him," Joe pursued, "except that he gets discouraged. He's afraid he can never make enough to support you. He got a break last month. The man ahead of him in the office jumped out of the window and Dick got his job. Sixty a week. He was going to call you up and tell you about it; but then he bought a St. Louis paper and read about your coming-out party, and it sounded as if it must have cost as much as he makes in a year—"

"YES, it did. Tell me, Joe—could two people live in New York on sixty a week? I mean if the girl could cook and didn't mind working?"

"Of course. Not the way you live, but well enough. But Dick feels he hasn't got the right to let you make such a sacrifice."

"There are greater sacrifices," said Phyllis dryly.

"Phyl!" he exploded miserably. "If—if there was anything I could do for you—anything at all—"

"You do all that anybody could, my dear."

"Well, if—if you wanted me," said Joe Hanley, "I'd let you live on sixty a week till I could make more, and be damned proud of us both. But you know Dick."

"Yes, I know him," she sighed. "And I want him. Nobody else." If she once got him she could manage him, pride or no pride; but— "When are they coming back?" she asked. "Not till Wednesday? Oh, dear! Dad and I are going home tomorrow. Well—tell him I'm sorry I missed him, Joe."

Dick was more than sorry, when he came home. He damned himself and he damned Diana. Then he called up St. Louis and talked fourteen dollars' worth telling Phyl how rotten he felt about it and how much he loved her, and damning himself and Diana some more. But when she said she could live on sixty a week, he had an attack of pride and said he had no right to let her make such a sacrifice.

TO keep her from feeling depraved he went in and had a couple of drinks, or maybe three or four.

So she said good-by, and then did some thinking. Phyl felt sure he still wanted her, not Diana; that was her one big asset. But just now it was a frozen asset—something that was all right if you could only thaw it out and set it to work. No use waiting for the upturn; what the country needed was people who could make their own upturn. And any girl who couldn't think of something when so much depended on it didn't deserve an upturn at all.

DICK had been out of town on business for a couple of days, and came home just before lunch time on Saturday. There was a letter on the table that had arrived the day before; and two minutes after he had opened it he was in the bedroom, waking up Joe Hanley.

"Joe! What do you think? Phyl's coming!"

Joe rubbed his eyes. "Coming here? My God, I've got to get some clothes on."

"No, no—coming to town. She doesn't say when, but soon. Her father's ruined, she says—worse than ruined. Her allowance has been stopped. She's coming to New York to look for a job! Think of that, Joe! She'll be right here in town where I can see her every day—"

"When you haven't got a date down the hall," said Joe sourly.

Dick went out—and then, through the door that wasn't soundproof, Joe heard a voice in the hall. Diana. It was her day off too, and Joe knew it was no accident that she happened to meet Dick on his way out.

"On your way to lunch?" she said. "So am I. Suppose we—"

Dick stammered something inaudible. She knows he doesn't want to lunch with her, Joe reflected; but she knows he's so damned polite that he'll do it if she keeps after him. Now she was speaking again:

"I've got to go to Letellier's first to get my jade beads restrung. Walk over there with me, Dick, and then we can think about lunch."

They passed out of hearing. Joe Hanley scowled, and pulled the covers over him again, and closed his eyes—and the telephone rang.

"Hello!" he growled. "Who? . . . Phyl! My God! He just went out. . . . Yes—with her. He didn't know you were in town, but even so. . . . No, he didn't want to, but the poor sap can't say no and make it stick. . . . They went to Letellier's; she had to have some beads restrung. Then they were going to lunch together—"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HER FROZEN ASSET
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"Oh, they were?" said Phyl grimly. "We'll see about that."

Five minutes later she walked into Letellier's. Long glass cases; gems that glittered brightly against white satin or blue velvet; smart morning-coated clerks; and not so many customers that she couldn't see them instantly—Dick and Diana were bending over a show case, their heads together. She'd meant to stroll up to them, jaunty and casual; but if she went up to them now she'd punch that woman in the eye. She'd have to wait till she could control herself.

So she turned to the nearest show case, which happened to be devoted to wrist watches. She looked at one, then another, always furtively watching Dick and Diana. A clerk, gratified by customer interest, produced more watches. Here was a lovely one, not very expensive. She took it, examined it; the clerk turned to get another one—

She looked up—and looked around in sudden panic. In that instant of her distraction they had gone.

Almost running, she overtook them just outside. Dick stared at her with an incredulous delight that set her heart thumping—and then somebody burst out of the door and clutched her elbow.

"Just a minute, miss. That wrist watch—in your hand bag."

Phyl turned white, then crimson. For all his morning-coated smartness, she knew this man was a store detective. Right on the sidewalk, in all that crowd, he was opening her bag—and there was the watch she had been looking at when she noticed that Dick and Diana had gone!

"But I forgot!" she gasped. "I saw some friends—"

"So you dropped a five-hundred-dollar watch into your bag while the clerk wasn't looking. I'll have to ask you to come to the manager's office—and wait there for the police."

With a hand on her elbow, he led her back into the store. Dick followed her; Diana followed Dick; the crowd followed them all. Dick laid a hand on the detective's shoulder, checked him in the aisle.

"You're crazy!" he snapped. "I know this girl. Her father's worth millions of dollars—"

SUDDENLY he remembered that her father was ruined. Phyl saw him remember it. So did the detective. For an instant there was wild suspicion in Dick's eye; then—

"It's impossible she could have meant to take it!" he barked. "Absurd!"

"So her father's worth millions?" said the detective. "Who is he?"

"Don't tell him, Dick!" Phyl begged. "Dad would die if this got into the papers." And then Dick remembered Diana.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Our lunch date is off!"

"So I gathered," she said coolly. "But I'm a reporter and this is a good story—millionaire's daughter caught shoplifting at Letellier's."

"But, Di! You know she didn't mean to take it. She saw me and she—she got confused—"

"So I noticed." Diana had seen him look at Phyl, and she was merciless. "It's a good story anyway."

"Oh, it is? Well, *you* won't turn it in," he told her. "If you do I'll break your neck." She only laughed at that. "You're right," he said. "I wouldn't dare break your neck. But I'll tell you what I will do—I'll knock every one of those pretty teeth you're so proud of right out of your mouth. Yes, and every time I see you for the rest of your life I'll shove your false set down your throat and choke you on it."

He meant that—at the moment—and she knew it. She dropped back with a shrug, and as the other three moved on, Dick saw Phyl looking at him with adoring amazement. But he knew, if she didn't, that Di had given in so readily because she knew she could get the story from the police, if there was an arrest. So there must be no arrest.

"Look here," he told the manager. "Her father's ill. This would upset him terribly. But if it can be arranged— Well, that's a five-hundred-dollar watch—and I've got five hundred dollars."

"Dick!" Phyl gasped. "I've no right to let you make such a sacrifice!" He looked down at her sternly.

"You've no right not to let me make sacrifices for you. We're going to get married this afternoon and I'll give you the watch for a wedding present." He turned back to the manager. "You'd get nothing out of prosecution," he warned him, "but a suit for false arrest. Whereas if you'll behave decently you'll sell a watch; and I'll bet it will be the first one you've sold this week."

TWENTY minutes later they walked out, with Phyl's hand in Dick's arm and a new watch on her wrist.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I love you so much! Where are we going now?"

"We're going to lunch," he said, "and then to the marriage license bureau. I'm not ashamed to ask you to live on sixty a week if you've lost everything."

"I've got a little money, darling. If you don't mind throwing it all in together, what's yours and what's mine—"

"All right. It's all ours from now on."

"Ours," she repeated. "That's a bargain. Dick, I know a nice place to lunch, just around the corner."

They went around the corner.

"But this is the Ritz!" he exploded. "What on earth—"

"It's a nice place to lunch," she said meekly. "And I thought we ought to see father before he sails. He'll have to miss the wedding."

"Where's he sailing to?"

"Around the world. Business is so bad he wants to forget it. The bankers have just had to lend him another five million."

"But if he stopped your allowance—"

"He said I was old enough to handle my own money, so he gave me a block of bonds. They're ours now; it was a bargain. Remember?"

"You little devil!" he said. "And you told me this sob story about coming to New York to look for a job—"

"Well, I got it, didn't I? Or would you rather have Diana?"

"Diana be damned! I perceive," said Dick Tyson, "that I have been taken in hand by a woman of genius. But, Phyl, you took an awful chance running out with that watch just to see what I'd do when they arrested you."

"Maybe I didn't. Maybe when I saw another woman carrying you off I just forgot."

"Did you?" he asked her.

But she only smiled.

"Darling, I don't believe a woman of genius would ever tell you."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Forgot His Lesson

Danny's big brother was teaching him to swim. He was getting along famously when he fell into a hole of deep water. He struggled and splashed and finally began to sink, when his brother pulled him out.

"Why didn't you swim?" he was asked.

"I was too busy trying to get out to swim!" he said angrily.—Calla Roberts, 1406 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

As Far as a Nickel Would Go

Last week when the Liberty boy made his call, Uncle Frank was out of change. Freddie, his six-year-old nephew, was playing marbles.

Uncle Frank called out in fun: "Freddie, have you got a nickel?" To which Freddie answered: "If I had a nickel I sure wouldn't be here."—Mrs. Almogene Shope, 1320 Linden Ave., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Margaret Said: "Think Fast"

A Short Short Story

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

LEON PERRET sat in the stuffy inner waiting room. He was a full quarter hour early for his appointment with the Great Man. Pulling forth Margaret's letter, he reread a part of it for perhaps the eighth time:

"I've made the appointment for you for eleven o'clock. Be on time. He's a crank on punctuality.

"I've told him you'll be an ideal successor for the defunct Mr. Claibourne. Whether or not my oration made any impression on him I don't know. Nobody knows what impresses him and what doesn't. Not even I—I who am supposed to be the best loved of his nieces and whose alleged judgment he sometimes puts faith in.

"All you need is to make a hit with him. And that is the hardest part of the whole affair. That's the part I can't help you in. And oh, sweetheart of mine, how I wish I could!

"He's certain to ask you trick questions; and he's sure to put you to some kind of flashy test. *Think fast* and think right! Don't let him trap you. If you pass through the ordeal you're a made man. If not—well, sometime something else is bound to turn up that will let us get married. But this is *so* much the best chance ever!"

Leon Perret put the much-read letter back into his inner pocket. His heart was beating fast. His palms were damp. His mouth was dry. He was aware of a flash of irritation at his own nervousness.

A woman, neat and middle-aged, summoned him with a wordless nod. He followed her through a long room and to a glass door. She tapped at this door. Then she opened it, motioning Perret to pass in.

He found himself in a small office of Spartan furnishing. At a desk sat an elderly man with an inscrutable tired face; a face made familiar to the whole Western Hemisphere by the rotogravure sections and the news reels.

"Sit down," commanded the Great Man, pointing to a hard chair that faced the one window's light. "You're the big lad that Margaret has been pestering me about, eh? You want to work for me? I told you to be here at eleven. You were fifteen minutes too early. That is almost as foolish as to be fifteen seconds late."

"It is my chance," replied Leon Perret with a courteous calmness which half surprised himself. "I didn't want to miss it by a subway tie-up. So I allowed extra time."

"Why do you want to work for me?" snapped the Great Man, with carefully explosive vehemence.

"Because if I can make good for you I can make good for myself, sir," answered Perret evenly—adding, "And I believe I can make good for you, if you'll let me try."

"H'm! Margaret has jabbered to me about all your wonderful qualifications. So we needn't go into those just yet. How about something to warm us both on this chilly day?"

He reached into a drawer of his desk and produced a silver flask and two glasses.

"If I have the good luck to land this job, sir," returned Perret, "and if you order me to drink at eleven o'clock in the morning as part of my duties here—I'll obey the order. Though it won't add to my usefulness to you. I'll take it for granted you have some good reason for telling me to do it.

"But while I'm still my own man I don't care to drink during the daytime. In fact, I never could learn to care much for liquor at any time. But don't let me interfere with you, sir, if you think you need a drink at this hour."

Perret was a little proud of his own cool presence of mind—and of his recollection that Margaret had told him the Great Man was a temperance crusader.

The Great Man nodded grudging approval, stooping to return the glasses and the flask to the drawer. One of the glasses slipped from his rheumatic fingers and smashed upon the floor.

On the instant the door burst open. On the threshold stood a man. He was ill clad. His eyes burned in his distorted white face. He shut the door and stood with his back against it.

"I got in here!" he croaked in hollowly melodramatic triumph. "I watched my time and I slipped past the whole lot of them—that tough bodyguard of yours and all. I'm—I'm here!"

He paid no heed to Leon Perret. His burning eyes were fastened with a hideous gloating expression on the Great Man, who shrank far back in his chair.

"Good hokum!" thought Leon Perret amusedly. "People who are in deadly earnest don't glare and mouth or cower like that. The booze test was just a preliminary. This is the real thing. The falling glass was the signal."

Perret had some ado to stifle a grin. He thought fast, as Margaret had warned him to; and he watched for his cue.

"When you stole my lumber company out yonder," continued the intruder in that same croaking gasp, "you broke me. Broke me flat! My wife was sick. Cash would have taken her where she'd have gotten well. I had no cash. She died. You killed her! As—as I'm going to kill you!"

AS the last words left his dry throat, he whipped out a heavy-caliber pistol with a gesture like the strike of a snake. He leveled it at the Great Man.

"My cue," mused Leon Perret as he went into action.

Between the cowering magnate in the chair and the pistol-wielding visitor he leaped, charging at the ill clad man in his best football fashion.

The man fired. As the visitor's finger pressed the pistol trigger, Perret's left hand slapped the weapon's muzzle ceilingward and the weapon itself out of the clawlike hand that gripped it. In practically the same motion Perret's right fist crashed against the intruder's jaw.

"I'm sorry to punch the poor faker so hard," he told himself as he struck. "But it's a risk he took when he was hired for the silly job. It's up to me to make good."

To the floor slumped the victim. The bullet tore into the ceiling, sending down a shower of plaster dust.

Then, all at once, the private office was full of excited men, the ex-pugilist bodyguard in their van.

Very quietly the Great Man slipped from his chair in a dead faint. His future private secretary stared from him to the thwarted murderer whom the bodyguard was trussing up, then to the bullet gouge in the ceiling, and thence to a trio of hastily summoned policemen.

Of a sudden Leon Perret felt horribly seasick.

THE END

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NO MORE

Getting Rid of Glenn—The Wonder of a Way Out—A Close Call—Struggling toward Health—Threat of Sudden Death—The Stony Road to Wisdom

(Reading time: 32 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Anne Holt, told by herself. After becoming engaged to a prince, Anne fell in love with Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantations. Infuriated by her delay in giving up her life of frivolity for him, Tony sailed for Brazil, ignorant of the fact that Anne's father, crushed by business failure, had committed suicide. Anne tried, unsuccessfully, to work, then turned to drink and cards. Tony returned, and, finding Glenn Clark, Anne's lawyer, apparently too intimately established in her apartment, he struck her.

Part Nine—Anne's Escape

GLENN caught me as he strode forward to fight Tony. . . . Caught me, but his words were only threats—threats and vile epithets against the man who had turned and disappeared, slamming the door behind him. . . .

"Don't!" I screamed wildly. "Don't go after him, Glenn. He didn't mean it. . . . He—he's drunk—he didn't know what he was doing. He'd kill you, anyway. . . . You'd better keep away from him! And you'd better keep away from me. You're the cause of all this. . . . Yes, you! If it hadn't been for you it never would have happened—any of it. . . . Get out of here! . . . Get into your things and get out of here before I smash something into your ugly face—before I call the police!" . . .

I don't think he tried to quiet me. . . . Surely he didn't try to argue. He thought me insane—he was half terrified at the madness in my eyes and my voice. . . . He couldn't get out fast enough.

And only when I'd closed the door on him—only when he was gone, sent packing, as he should have been sent months and months ago—only then did I realize my mouth was bleeding, that blood was on my hand and had dripped down on my gown—my robe. My knees gave way under me, and I crumpled up in a faint on the floor. . . .

I came to, in a pool of early sunshine, quite alone in the apartment . . . fully two hours before the maid was due. I didn't want to see her—not ever again. I didn't want to be seen. . . .

I dragged myself to the bathroom and tried to bathe away the dried blood. The teeth had cut into my lip, but it was a very slight, though ugly-looking, wound. I tried to take a bath. But the pain returned, softly but threateningly, and I was terrified for fear it would grip me again. . . . I heard myself talking out loud—fiercely loud—to keep my heart from pounding so that it scared me. . . .

I must get away. . . . If I saw another person—if I had to face another hour of this life—I'd go out of my mind completely. I must get away. Somewhere—anywhere! Before they caught me and put me in a hospital. . . . Cramps had died of acute appendicitis. . . . Cramps had died like that among strangers. . . . I couldn't bear it! . . . Among strangers . . . worse than strangers . . . people who hated me. . . . Nobody had any love for me. . . . Nobody had any faith, any trust and confidence. . . .

Where could I go? There must be some place on the face of the earth . . . some corner to crawl away to and hide forever. . . . There must be somebody—everybody has somebody! . . . Almost everybody has some sort of home. . . .

I was at the kitchen stove, trying to fix myself coffee with hands that shook so that everything spilled, when a

ORCHIDS

AN ax in her hand lifted and fell with tremendous power, hacking with swift regularity at a row of trees.

By

GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

phrase came back to me . . . out of nowhere. It came to ring in my ears. . . .

"Remember, this was Bill's home, and it is your home. . . . Remember, child, I love you above everything. . . ."

I dropped the coffeepot. Forgot there was such a thing as coffee, in the sheer glory of those words. What odds if she was a helpless old crone? What odds if I remembered her as ugly and ignorant? She was my flesh and blood, and they say that means something. . . . She was Bill's mother. . . . She was far, far away from my world, where I'd be safe and beyond the reach of any of them.

I BEGAN to shake with chills of excitement. I went to the phone and sent a wire to gran telling her to expect me by the next train. I had a dreadful battle with the information idiot at Grand Central. He seemed to think I didn't make sense. But I finally gathered that I might take a train to Boston at eleven something, and change there. I phoned the bank and asked my balance.

Then, holding tightly to my desk to keep it from whirling around under my hands, I began to write checks and letters—painfully. For the maid, with a note telling her she would be needed no longer. For Betty, asking her to please clear out my apartment for me and put things in storage. For the landlord, asking him to take my emerald ring as payment for the balance of the rent, and to feel free to sublet if he could. For doctors and others, offering to let them auction my furniture to pay their accounts. . . . Crazy letters, leaving my gold toilet set to one, and Carlos' magnificent pin to another. . . . My piano, which was a magnificent mother-of-pearl-and-ivory-inlaid thing. . . .

Then I dressed. As swiftly and as carefully as I could between pains. Threw everything that occurred to me into one large bag. But after I'd put in Bill's picture and the jewelry case that contained his letter I couldn't think of what else I needed. . . . Yet I knew I should pack. My valise was found later to contain the weirdest array of things I had picked up at random in the apartment. . . . I crammed the money that Betty had left me into a purse—and I don't quite remember how I got to Grand Central and on to the right train. . . .

THE trip, too, is a vague dream. I know I got myself a compartment from the conductor, and sat almost immovable throughout the journey . . . except when I ordered coffee, and more coffee, between taking greedy gulps from my flask to keep from fainting. . . . I was aware that I was quite feverish by the time the train pulled into Boston, and that the conductor was frightfully concerned. . . . But my nerve couldn't desert me then—I must keep up until I reached gran. . . . I wouldn't hear of a doctor. I insisted I was all right. I begged only that they put me on the correct train, and that somebody stay with me until the train left, for I couldn't afford to make any mistakes. . . . I have a silly and vague remembrance of their refusing money . . . counting out from my purse what was needed and putting the rest carefully back. . . .

Somebody guided me by the arm up and down endless vast spaces and long stairways. I couldn't swear but what I had a ride in a taxi as well. But, after what seemed to be years, I found myself in a train. A bad, stuffy, overheated train. But, oh, it was so good to sit down quietly and not move again. . . . I heard my escort talking to the conductor of the new train, and they asked me the name of the person I was heading for, and they talked of sending wires on ahead to warn my folks of my condition. . . . My folks!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-one]

Eventually the awful new train pulled out. Everything was dark outside the window, and at times everything was dark inside the train too. . . . Food was brought me, but I could manage only the coffee. I remember refusing to go to bed. I knew if once I stretched down I'd never be able to get up. . . .

For hours and hours and hours I sat on that overstuffed seat, that prickled through my clothes, and sweated from the excruciating heat of the train plus the complication of pain. . . . I got so that I didn't answer the voices that occasionally attempted questions; I got so that I didn't realize when a man stood over me to offer me something. . . . All I knew was that I had to sit up very straight against the jolting of the train. . . . There were times when I was quite delirious—talking out loud to Tony, pleading with him. Other times when I'd jerk into periods of clear-mindedness and wonder what madness had brought me to where I was, when I knew full well I should have been in a hospital. . . . Why had I come to burden gran? . . .

"GET into your things and get out of here before I smash something into your ugly face!"

WHATEVER the reason that the train was delayed, I don't know.

Maybe it was the blind raging wind and rain storm that was furious enough to have dimly impressed itself on my consciousness. . . .
At any rate, two men helped me out at my station around dawn, and a considerable group was there to meet me. . . .

The little wooden station was lighted up, and I appreciated an air of activity and concern—voices shouting, men talking. . . . The storm was now terrific—beating me in the face and pushing me back against the train. . . . Two of the men picked me up and carried me inside the depot—and that too was unbearably hot and airless. . . . I heard one addressed as the doctor. . . . And then I heard a special voice—the first woman's voice that had addressed me in centuries— And a small, erect little figure came toward me, arms outstretched. . . .

"Gran!" I sobbed. And then, having reached my goal and gained my end, I gave up. I knew no more. . . .

I was operated on for appendicitis within the next few hours. In the back of a shop on Main Street, a few blocks from the railway station. They hadn't dared move me any farther. I was kept in the back of that shop for over thirty-six hours on an improvised cot, with gran and a nurse in constant attendance. At least, I thought it was the back of a shop. . . . Not until months later did I learn that Handy, the keeper of the furniture store, was also the town's undertaker, and that the room wherein I was operated upon was the town's undertaking parlor, and that more than one autopsy had been performed in its storeroomlike bleakness under stress of murder suspicion!

It's very well they didn't tell me. The idea horrifies me now, for all its humorous aspects; it most certainly would have killed me with fright and superstition then!

At any rate, they operated, and successfully. Gran has repeated, until the phrase bored a hole in my ears, that God must have a good reason for me to live. Heaven could grant that few operations have been done under more serious and more numerous difficulties. I guess the whole town was aroused and on its ear, from the chemist to the druggist to the three doctors of the community. Phone calls had been put through frantically to the hospital, forty-eight miles away, and one state police officer escorted a surgeon and his kit through the hellish storm, while other state police followed with a nurse and other necessities. . . .

That was the least. The telegraph operator, even upon receiving the first wires from the Boston train officials warning gran of my arrival and my delirious condition, had spread the news that Anne Cedric Holt was descending upon Bucksport in the full glory of her pain, poverty, and defeat. . . . Within less time than it takes to say sue-me, the quiet old town defied the storm for the sake of exciting gossip, and newspaper men from Boston and points west came to pick up phrases. . . .

Gran fought them tooth and nail. I think even when I was unconscious I was aware that gran could fight; that there was more mustard and paprika in that valiant old lady than in a dollar dish of chile con carne.

PARTLY to protect me from prying eyes and blabbing tongues, partly to get me out of the awful atmosphere and bad conditions of that "back of the shop" where there was no privacy and less comfort, gran convinced the doctors that I must be moved at the first possible moment.

So, on the first clear day, an ambulance drove the forty-eight miles from the hospital to the furniture shop, shelved me inside, and drove the nineteen miles from the furniture shop to gran's house. They fixed it so that I knew none of it; and eventually I awoke in a big bed with a mattress that felt like a marshmallow, and clean, soft, and fragrant linen about me.

I sank back into the blissful relief of loving care. . . . It didn't matter one way or the other whether I lived or

died, but in the meantime it was mighty comforting to have a sense of being guarded and attended, and yet of being thankfully alone. The faces of the nurses disappeared before very long, it seemed, but the face of the doctor (the one gran had roused and brought to the station to meet me) became gratefully familiar and I developed a sort of doglike devotion to it. It was an old face, was Dr. Sumner Littlefield's—a face something like Santa Claus' is pictured to be, only with one tenth the beard.

Gran herself nursed me through that desperate recovery, complicated by my completely run-down and broken condition and the increasing restlessness and irritability that came with my increasing strength.

And as I got better I'd pretend that I was asleep, and then fall to studying her with endless inspection. . . . She wasn't ugly! Nobody could call her a beauty, but she certainly wasn't as repulsively decayed as my memory pictured her. There were moments when she was almost lovely.

The old lady's endless activity was what bothered me most. I gathered that she did practically all of the housework herself, and managed two farm hands as well as the farm and the stock. . . . Yet her devotion to me was tireless. I realized how much trouble and expense I was putting her to, and yet the look of enrapt happiness and affection was proof that my presence was enough to repay her. . . . How strange! Why should blood make such an unquestioning claim?

"I am really a stranger to this old woman, and she certainly is a stranger to me," I would vaguely argue in my mind. "Granting that I'm Bill's child—I am Nina's child, too. . . . Because her son was my father, why should this whole household be disrupted and why should I become the central, all-consuming interest and concern?"

BUT though I appreciated all she was doing, the stronger I became the more gran got on my nerves. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and did my double-darnedest not to show irritability; but I had so few nerves left those days. . . . There was a scar on the old lady's head that *was* horrible to look at—no doubt it was that which in my childhood had made her revolting.

But the scar wasn't all. Gran's superinterest, her anxiety to question, her endless fussing and fixing and trying to tempt me, her long, long, long harangues about Bill, and the sidewise set of her head when she announced she had so many important questions to ask but she wouldn't bother me until I was stronger . . . I knew they'd be questions about Bill's end—about the bank. And I didn't know anything about the bank and I cared less. . . . Damn it, I didn't want to talk about things! I wanted to forget. . . . I wanted to be let alone. I wanted to sit and look out at the bare trees, stripped of all their beauty and spirit as I, and listen to the thwarted howl of rage and pain of the wind. . . . We had days and days and days on end of wind.

I liked to see the hired hand (Purdy, they called him) push his way against that wind to the barn and struggle back again to the house hours later. . . . I liked to just sit and not think. And when gran reappeared with her inevitable handiwork it made me frightfully restive. . . . She was sweet, she was good, she was kind and all-loving; and I was a wretch not to give her the same coin in return. But so many of her mannerisms grated on me—certain crudities of personal habits and speech. . . .

THE days went by, one after the other. I heard nothing—nothing—of my former life. No papers. No letters. No messages. If any ever came, gran had sense enough to keep them to herself. I had no will to recover. I was too contented. To sit forever placidly—it would take years of such peace for me to recover from all I'd been through! I had found a haven at last. Found sanity. That's as far as I cared to think. . . .

But life won't leave you alone, even if people will. Life won't permit much placidity and peace. . . . I suppose I was lucky to have had at least six weeks' quietude before the fire.

This fire just outside of Bucksport became front-page news because *I* was in it! Because it gave the papers another tie-up (following my operation and my "running away from New York") with the Holt fortunes and the bank scandals. . . . That and that alone gave it a flash of news value. . . . Isn't it rare?

At any rate, one night I woke in my comfortable bed shrieking loudly with an undefinable fear. . . . The sweet, peaceful room with its fragile old wall paper was aglow with a strange and ominous flicker of light. . . . I heard screams and calls, and the sounds of motors and machinery . . . the peculiar howls and inarticulate noises that animals make when frightened or in pain. . . .

I called again and again—screaming out for my own information that it was fire. . . . Fire! I tried to get out of bed and find my things. The room was frozen cold, and the gale that rushed through my open window seemed to blow right through me. . . . Then, with a renewed panic of terror, I saw smoke—smoke that I had already smelled heavy in the air. And now I saw it curling under the door!

I found a lamp, but it wouldn't go on. . . . The door burst open suddenly, and a voice reached my ears. . . . Gran, lighted up by what seemed to me to be the blaze of all hell behind her, stood swaying a moment on the threshold. . . . Her appearance was a stupefying shock. . . . Charred, disfigured, hair disheveled, panting with effort, her face smeared with blackness, she gazed at me. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARCO POLO *thought it was magic!*

A knitted cloth that would not burn! A substance that was to become one of the greatest contributions to the automobile—was seen by Marco Polo some 700 years ago!

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[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-three]

Even before she found her voice to speak, she was motioning frantically to where my coat was kept. . . . I understood her, and threw back the closet door, fumbling in the semidarkness for my fur coat. . . . I felt her helping me into it, and then I felt myself go weak and useless. . . . Yet I was conscious, though unable to protest, when the old woman bent over, picked me up, and hoisted me on to her back . . . carrying me out into where the blaze and the smoke seemed to wait to swallow us up with a roar of greed. . . .

I came to, lying on a heap of rags and clothes, covered with a blanket that stenched with the smell of burn. . . . A woman was bending over me, trying to pour whisky down my throat. I tried to push her away. Whisky was the last thing to give me. If ever I got the taste of it back again! . . .

I managed to push it out of her hand. . . . She was shrilly angry that I had wasted it. . . . I called to her about gran. But she had turned to another. . . .

I raised myself on my elbow, and realized that I was on some sort of truck, and others were lying there half conscious—some in a pitiful condition. And the woman was attempting single-handed to attend us all. . . .

I strained to pull myself upright, and got as far as my knees. . . . Over the side of the truck I saw a vision that will never leave me. . . . We were about four blocks distant from the fire itself. But gran's house was lighted up with painfully sharp brilliance. . . . It seemed as if the whole hillside behind it were a bonfire. . . .

I stared dumfounded, hypnotized, unaware of the cold, of the wind that bit my face . . . stared at the magnificent horror of that scene, and at the figures, men and women alike, working madly to beat back destruction. . . . I heard scraps of conversation from within the truck around me, from those hurrying by. . . . Forest fire! It had broken out up on the north hill—it had leaped from one spot to another—there wasn't a chance unless the wind changed. . . . They were sending for dynamite. . . . Apparatus and man power had arrived already from four surrounding towns—pitiful apparatus, glorious man power. . . . Gran, single-handed, had let the live stock out into safety and had saved most of them. . . . Everything would be all right if only the flames didn't reach the Old Folks' Home, set back in the valley, a half mile away. . . .

SUDDENLY I caught sight of gran! Gran, who I thought certainly must be prostrate, by this time, in some truck like the one I was in. . . . I saw her, an unforgettable figure charged with superhuman strength, working side by side with the others—right in the midst of things! . . . An ax in her hand lifted and fell with tremendous power, hacking with swift regularity at a row of trees far back of the house. . . . They were, I gathered, chopping down a line of trees, before which another group was sweating over the digging of a deep trench . . . to beat the dead line of the fire-spread before it reached the houses and barns. . . . And meanwhile others had succeeded in mastering the flames that had taken half the roof of gran's house and left it a yawning mass of ruin.

My own voice rang out above the others'—screaming to gran, begging somebody to make her quit before she dropped dead. . . . Some hand clutched at my shoulder and rudely pulled me back on to the floor of the truck. . . . I couldn't seem to talk. . . . The tears were gagging me. . . .

The truck gave a vicious lunging jolt. . . . It started off. . . . They were taking me away and I tried to fight against them—dragging myself upright again and holding out my arms to gran. . . .

A harsh, piercing voice screamed into my ear—enraged:

"If you have that much strength, do something!"

A wild woman was infuriated with me. I turned, puzzled, and gazed at the others in the truck. . . . Obediently I took the can of lard from her hand, the rolls of cloth—bent over a woman whose arm and shoulder were cruelly burned; tried to follow directions and make my numb, stupid fingers wind bandages. . . .

The truck stopped. Two were taken out. It went on again—over bumpy, mud-hardened roads. . . . There was another truck behind us—a grocery wagon that had been turned into an emergency wagon. . . . Far, far down the road one could still see the reddened, blistering hillside fading from view. One could still hear the shouts ringing over the wind and the roar. . . .

The truck stopped again. I was taken out—I and two others. The driver got down and carried us inside a ramshackle little clapboard house, where a woman directed breathlessly what was to be done with us. . . . The driver was like a vision from another and even more horrible world. . . . His face blackened and blistered, his eyes swollen.

INSIDE the woman took charge of her three. I insisted I wasn't as badly off as the others, and tried to help myself as she worked on them. A buxom, hearty, clean-cut woman, who worked with that same puzzling, swift efficiency that had bothered me in gran. This neighbor woman was evidently well prepared. . . . She had pails of water warmed, hot bricks, medicine and salves, bandages and torn strips of sheets . . . three cots already made up in her parlor . . . hot coffee. . . . Whether they were burns, bruises, knocks, frostbite, broken bones that might require splints, she was ready! Prepared! And she, and another mountain of a woman who was evidently a maid, worked with a rapidity and tenderness that are beyond me to describe.

Mrs. Preston, they called her. Mrs. Preston answered softly, otherwise never speaking, making only soft clucking noises that showed the sufferer she realized the pain. . . . Crude, simple, but effective remedies they used, Mrs. Preston and her huge Tildy. But I sat cowering before the huge fireplace and marveled! The magnificence of these women! To know what to do, and to do it. . . . Swift perfection. Emptying pans of blood; washing pain-racked bodies; knowing when to use cold, when to use hot. . . .

Two were finished and in their cots—Tildy wheeling one cot out into another room with an animal strength—and Mrs. Preston turned to me with the same reassuring smile and the same nimble, unhesitating speed. . . . Worked over me anxiously, the drops of her perspiration falling on my flesh, so that I gritted my teeth to keep from saying how she hurt. . . .

She had me in a cot, too—pushed to the far end of the parlor. Done up in an enormous flannel nightgown, but feeling clean, even to having had my hair combed. I had been made to drink something warm and grateful, and I closed my eyes in weary half sobs of exhaustion. . . .

Dr. Littlefield showed up—waking me far into the afternoon of the next day. I felt horribly sick by then, and could hardly ask about gran. . . . Gran, they told me, was all right. The fire was still raging, but at least they had turned its direction. . . .

He gave me only a few moments; but he did ease me a bit, and left me pills that seemed to erase the world and its torments for dull, ageless periods. . . . Poor Dr. Littlefield—a harassed, worried Santa Claus, who had worked hours on end, and seemed to struggle to keep his bloodshot blue eyes open!

Toward evening I felt quieter. . . . But whoever was in the cot in the next room was suffering agonies. . . . And Mrs. Preston was still at it. . . . I'd clench my hands to keep from calling out . . . to keep from bothering her any further for the water that my swollen mouth craved. . . .

The next day the atmosphere of the place had changed. There seemed to be a let-down. A thanksgiving. The other two cots were empty—their own had claimed the occupants and brought them home. . . . Only I was left, to watch, wearily, the continued activity of Mrs. Preston, cleaning up.

She talked to me a bit while she washed and cleaned

me. . . . The fire was over—the damage had been terrific. . . . No, gran was safe, but badly burned; she would be unable to move around for some time. No, she was in her own house. . . . She had insisted upon it, and had commandeered three men to work on the roof. . . . Annie Mariner, another neighbor woman, was with gran, helping her restore the place as much as possible, taking care of gran, who, while she was unable to get about, was her dominant, unshaken self. . . . In a few days, when the place was fairly comfortable, I'd be taken back. . . .

In those few days I rested. Rested—and gave up trying to think. Dr. Littlefield came regularly, and when he couldn't make it, another doctor came and carried on Littlefield's measures. . . .

The moment they said it was at all possible, I begged to be taken back to gran. I couldn't wait! . . .

Dr. Littlefield drove me over to the farm, where I was put in another cot, downstairs in the sitting room. . . . Gran herself met me at the doorway . . . in a wheel chair! The poor old soul's legs had given half their flesh to the fire, but no flame had destroyed gran's soul.

She explained, weakly, that the upper half of the house was gone—practically in ruins. Yet she dwelt on how lucky she had been, and how certain fortunate portions remained, so that rebuilding was not too difficult. . . . Men were already at work—and the hammering and sawing and pounding drowned out more than half our words. . . .

BUT chiefly gran seemed shaken by my greeting of her—by my impulsive, unbounded admiration and thankfulness that she was safe. . . . I think it was the first time she broke, and she turned, speechless, tears rolling down her thin old cheeks, and wheeled herself away.

Dr. Littlefield and Mrs. Mariner took me in hand. Cheerful. Planning on how everything would be fixed. Thanking God for everything, it seemed. . . . Thanking God! My lips twisted, in spite of me, into a grimace. . . .

For days I lay in the sitting room. Tortured from eight until five with the ungodly, unmerciful riot of the building, and feeling almost dizzy when at last the workmen quit and the silence of eventide came. . . . Yet it wasn't in me to complain, when I watched gran wheel herself from room to room, over to the bottom of the staircase, yelling out orders and directions and considering costs and plans . . . and she in a physical agony that would have left me limp! She was doomed to that chair for a good half year—if she ever got out of it. Not but what gran would get out of it!

But now, as she talked and figured to the last penny, I wanted so to help! The fire insurance would pay for what was now being done—the actual

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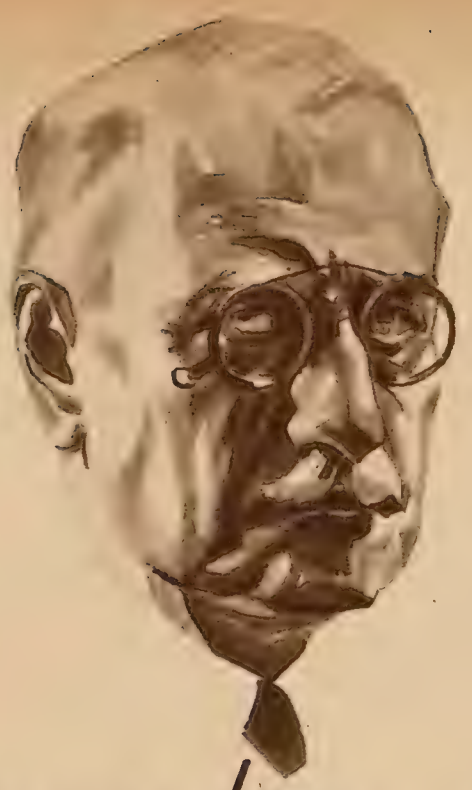

Remember - the

Doctor *knows best*

Don't take a gamble when you take a laxative! Take the kind your doctor knows about—whose action he approves. Then you'll be *safe* instead of *sorry*.

Before he approves a laxative the doctor demands that—

It should be mild and gentle.
It should not rush food through the stomach.
It should not disturb digestion.
It should limit its action to the intestines.
It should not gripe.
It should not be habit-forming.

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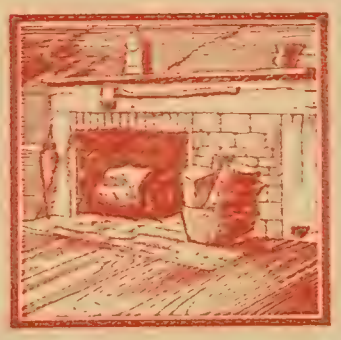
[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-five]

building—but it was not enough to replace the invaluable treasures of generations, or to paint, varnish, refurnish, and decorate, or replace the myriad of personal belongings and clothes that had been lost. Bill's insurance she had invested, and the securities had shrunk to less than half their value. My operation, her own injuries and those of Purdy, the farm hand, her loss of live stock and stored supplies, all left gran in a precarious financial condition. Yet she seemed undaunted—almost unconcerned.

"The fire-insurance man came and checked over everything," she told me. "Your jewels are safe, thank God."

"Jewels?" I puzzled.



"The little silver jewelry box," she explained.

"Oh! Those aren't—jewels, gran. I have no jewelry left."

I thought of the jewels that were in the box—jewels indeed: those letters of gran's—Bill's letters.

Her sigh broke in on my mooning, and I noticed her old eyes were slightly disappointed.

"There are only papers in that box," I explained quickly, too embarrassed to admit I'd saved her letters and too kind to inflict the sweet agony of reading Bill's. "Papers I wanted to keep."

It was mostly for gran now that Santa Claus came with his clean, long, strong fingers, and his shabby suit. A Man. One of God's men. Working half the time with a pipe in his mouth, but working as only saints and angels could understand. . . .

And I lay, or sat half propped up, hour upon hour, perfectly clear-minded now. All the cobwebs gone. A bit beyond my bodily weakness and lethargy, half unaware of pain, I lay and watched—and worked. Yes, worked! It was I, half upright in my bed now, who combed gran's hair when she wheeled herself in to me; I who changed some of her lesser dressings when neighbors couldn't get in. I who shelled peas, and sliced onions, and mashed up pumpkin, and picked the feathers off chickens. . . .

Mrs. Mariner had to leave—though she came back at least three times a week and pitched in like a war horse. Other women came—or boys and girls from their mothers—bringing soup already made, and fresh-baked breads, or blankets that had been taken home and washed, or other of our effects that various ones had cleaned and mended and were returning in good order. . . .

A strange parade of people! Purdy the farm hand (his arm in a sling) brought, at gran's demands, a horse or a cow to the window, so that gran might see what damage was done and suggest the right procedure; the visiting nurse; the dairyman who was also selectman of the town; the furniture man in whose undertaking section I had been operated on, and who came now to offer to work on whatever antique pieces were worth saving and restoring; the deaf-mute radio man (yes, that's what I said!); the minister and his wife and daughter; and the fish dealer who was also mayor.

AND these people were a revelation to me. Gaunt. Clumsy. Shabby. Ill-spoken. Naïve. Simple. Shrewd. Suspicious. Grabbing. . . . Yet, with the hands that were cracked, rough, and tipped with dirty nails, they knew how to do things. Strong, capable hands never still; hands that could build and mend and make. Coarse skins and crafty, searching eyes. But these men and these women were valiant, were dauntless, were resourceful and filled with a knowledge and a natural wisdom that left me feeling small and futile.

Not all were ignorant. Many here and there were college graduates. Many were recognized experts in their chosen subjects. One or two were known the world over in their particular field. Death, birth, life and living were not theoretical subjects, nor a matter for deep philosophies. They were actual stark facts, taken as a matter of course, dealt with simply, swiftly, and efficiently.

They were gossips, yes; they were filled with petty meannesses, yes; they were often cruel and revengeful; they were narrow and small and furrowed with stupid bitterness. All of that. Weren't my crowd far more so? But they were a cheerful lot, if not a witty one; they were unbeaten, unwhining, hard-working, far-seeing. Their bodies were not a thing of beauty, but of usefulness. The body was not to be pampered and indulged and weakened into pap; such a thing never occurred to them. It was developed and used from earliest childhood and taught to face the hardest and the worst. It wasn't painted and perfumed and molded and displayed. . . .

I was a curiosity to them, too. Regarded with a shy resentment, an undefinable suspicion, but treated with infinite kindness. It wasn't until I turned to one after another to appeal—Please, how shall I do this? What does one do with that? How can I ever learn to manage these? and Would you please show me . . . Not until then did the timid half-enmity drop away and a shining smile of amusement and friendly pleasure accompany their tireless explanations and swift instructions. One woman offered to come and show me how to run the sewing machine; the postmaster came evening after evening to show me how to mix and apply paints. . . .

I was up and about—gaining strength from the will to do. Not to show anybody; not to prove anything—but just because there was so much to be done. So much in the business of the day's mere living, plus what the restoration of upstairs would mean. . . . So much—so infinitely much—to learn, with each simple thing that was faced to be done! . . .

THE long talks with gran about how we'd manage. We must get money now. What had been lost in the fire? What could be replaced? What mended and repaired? And each night I would seek bed at nine, to sleep as I'd never known sleep.

Or sometimes, when gran was in too great pain to sleep, I'd sit with her. Together, before the fireplace, we would sit and sew or knit. And we'd talk, and gran became closer to me than any human being I had ever known. All her damnable little habits were amusing now.

And as we talked she told me about Bill—so much about Bill! And it was good to hear now—I could see and know Bill now: what had produced him; what had made him able to go out and give the world hell, rise supreme over the pampered weaklings, pit his native shrewdness against the avidity of the world. And I could see how Nina and her life had slowly ruined him.

But gran told me other things. Of our family, which had been in this country for nine generations; and of whom they were and what they fought and what they accomplished.

And the old woman told me of her own life and her own love, and her own marriage and romance, and of her coming into this farmhouse that had been in the hands of Holt sons for three generations. . . .

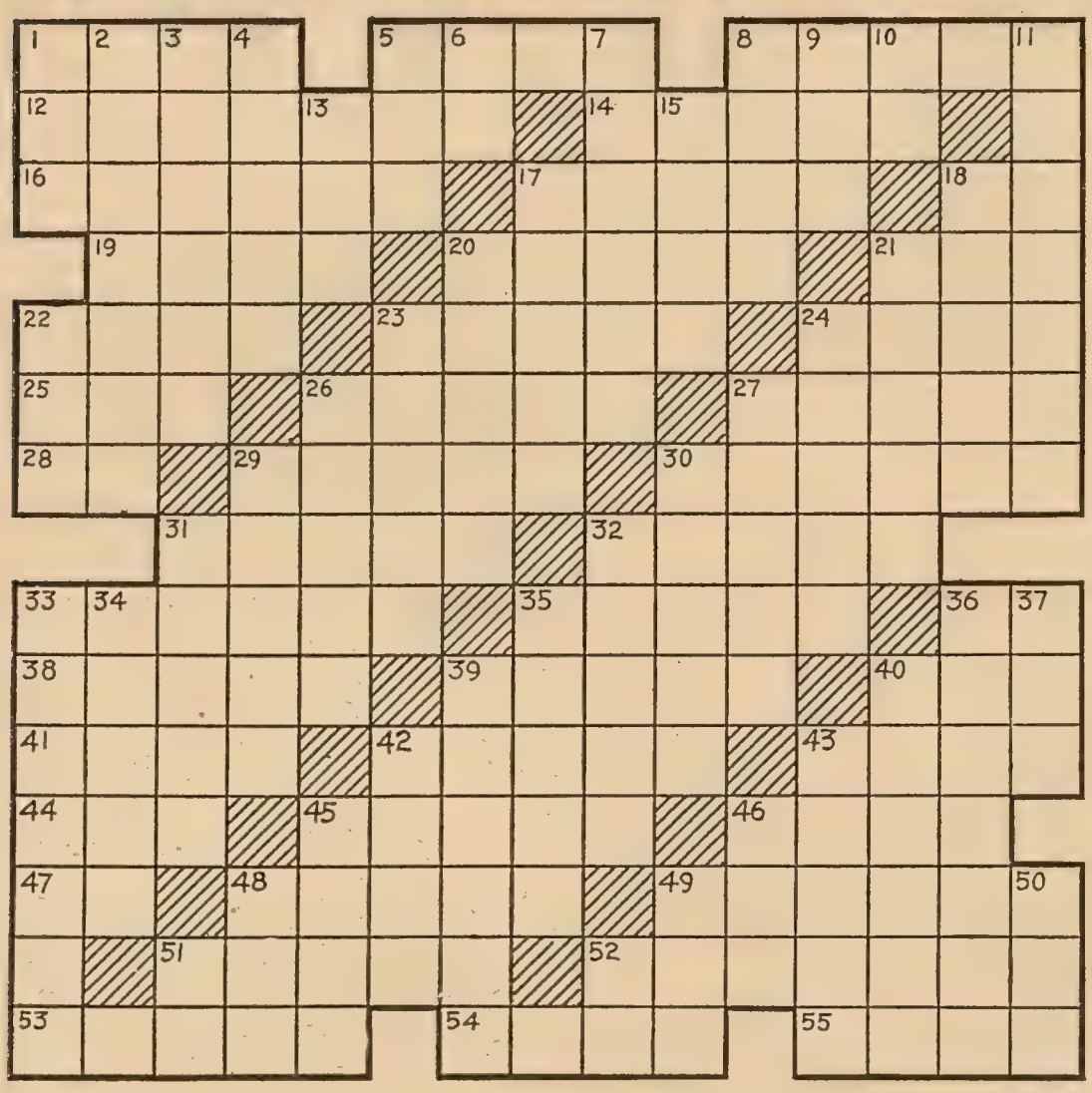
And she told me of the ax that hung over the fireplace, and which I'd always wondered about—the same ax which she had used that night of the fire. . . . That ax was a Holt trophy, for with it the first tree had been felled that went into the building of this house; and with it gran herself had crashed in the skull of a half-drunken old Indian who had tried to attack her one night when she was alone in the house. . . . Her husband had gone after the doctor, and an hour after she had given the old Indian what-for she gave birth to Bill—without doctor, without husband, without anyone to bind up the wound on her head that the Indian had inflicted—the wound that left the scar which always repulsed me so. . . .

And the snow piled up around us, and the upstairs was finished. . . . And people came, in spite of what seemed to me a blizzard, and men, without offering or waiting to be thanked, dug us tunneled paths to the barn and the roadway. . . .

And often, often, often I thought of Tony with a question in my mind: Would I ever see him again?

In next week's concluding installment you'll witness the great climax that decides whether life is to hold frustration or happiness for Anne.

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 A slender threadlike outgrowth of an animal
5 Squeezes
8 Listened to
12 Composes
14 In a state of separation
16 Suit maker
17 Bring into alignment
18 One of the states (abbr.)
19 Hockey on roller skates
20 Peculiarity or mannerism
21 A beetle
22 Gives or assigns, as a contract
23 Polish
24 Genus of African trees
25 Suffix used to form feminine nouns
26 Aspect
27 Pain common to babies
28 Pronoun
29 Bending forward
30 Having rhythmical fall
31 Impel forward
32 A man's name
33 Walk pompously
35 Donates
36 Note of the diatonic scale
38 Doubly
39 Indian of Guiana
40 Threefold (prefix)
41 Roil
42 A mason's mallet
43 One who accomplishes
44 Right-angled extension of a building
45 Formerly, a love letter
46 A breakwater
47 Man's name (abbreviation)
48 To desire
49 Shipworm
51 Card game
52 Bullfighter
53 Retinue of attendants
54 Pass over without notice
55 Any

M	O	S	S		T	R	A	P	S		S	C	A	T
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S	P	U	R	N	■	F	E	T	E	■	P	L	A	T
E	U	R	Y	■	M	A	C	E	■	B	E	I	G	E
C	E	N	■	C	O	R	K	■	R	E	S	T	E	D
E	R	■	D	A	R	M	S	T	A	D	T	■	N	D
D	I	N	E	R	O	■	N	I	N	E	■	A	D	E
E	L	E	C	T	■	T	I	L	T	■	S	P	U	R
R	E	B	A	■	S	I	F	T	■	T	E	E	M	S
			P	I	L	A	F	■	M	A	R			
M	A	L	O	D	O	R	■	A	I	L	E	R	O	N
A	G	E	D		P	A	I	R	S		N	E	B	O
P	O	D	S		E	S	N	E	S		E	D	I	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Strike
2 A metrical foot (var.)
3 Mentally feeble persons
4 Rivulets
5 Pronoun
6 We
7 Containing salt
8 A rope
9 Sooner than
10 A preposition
11 Depreciate
13 Also
15 East Indian copper coin
17 Ascend
18 The American bobwhite
20 A clan chief (Scottish)
21 Deals out grudgingly
22 Monetary unit of Roumania (plural)
23 Push
24 Additional measures in a musical composition
26 Lofty self-respect
27 A man's name
29 Sale value
30 Courteous
31 A mollusk which kills oysters
32 Enticing, dangerous woman
33 Veins
34 A woven fabric
35 A French dance
36 Absence of restraint; independence
37 Atmosphere
39 Frolicsome leaps or springs
40 A city in Ohio
42 Bestowed
43 Belonging to Dora
45 A fuel
46 Encountered
48 Light bed
49 Spigot
50 Metal
51 Letter of Greek alphabet
52 A syllable sounded in solmization

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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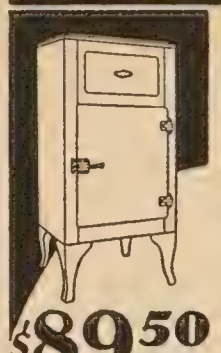

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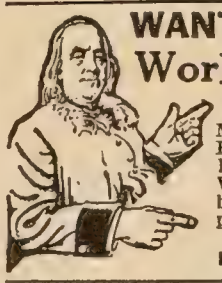

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Vox

"Your Money or Your Life!"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is rare that the writer of an editorial actually saves lives by what he writes. And yet it is inevitable that, out of the millions who read "Your Money or Your Life!" many will take warning, and many lives be saved.

Our roads are full of old cars, with old brakes, still doing duty because their

owners, in the interests of what they call "economy," will neither buy new automobiles nor keep their rattletraps in good order. Such owners should realize that, when they're driving, an unseen passenger often rides beside them. And that unseen passenger is Death!—*F. Foster.*

That Debatable Lost Race

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was both surprised and amused at Clement Wood's article, "The Lost Race of Grenada."

Everyone in Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia, and several other islands knows all about this "lost race," and all intelligent islanders are familiar with the history of these unfortunate degenerates.

As Mr. Wood suggests, they were exiles sent to the islands in the time of King Charles. And as they were mainly Irish and Scotch and wore kilts, they were nicknamed "red-legs" (not yellow-legs). But they were not ordinary exiles. On the contrary, they were branded and sold as slaves for 1,500 pounds of sugar per head.

Those who fell into the hands of owners of the opposite political party were treated far more brutally than Negro slaves; but those who were sold to sympathizers with their cause were freed, treated well, and rose to affluence and prominence—or, rather, their descendants did.

Moreover, it is neither the climate nor disease which has played the largest part in reducing them to their present state; but largely the effect of several generations of slavery, brutal treatment, and the result of being cowed, beaten, and forced to labor like cattle. Of course, intermarriage has played its part also.

But when Mr. Wood states that the authorities of Grenada are loath to mention the red-legs, or attempt to keep their presence a secret, he is either vastly mistaken or wishes to add a flavor of mystery to his tale. I have lived in Grenada, in Barbados, and, for that matter, in every island in the West Indies for years, and I never have found anyone at all anxious to evade the subject of these degenerate white people.—*A. Hyatt Verrill.*

The Return to the Land: Hooey—

CHICAGO, ILL.—Quit giving us all this back-to-the-land hooey. I'd like to see the editors of Liberty start following their own prescription. What a laugh we'd get!—*A Cynic.*

—versus Horse Sense

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—A good many months ago, due to the efforts of Dr. C. N. Thomas, forty-one families who were being supported by the county were placed on land that was loaned by its owner, and furnished with $100 worth of seed.

These families have been enabled to support themselves. This happened in Santa Monica.

Other communities with idle land should be guided by this, and do the same.—*A Reader.*

Drying Up or Soaking Up?

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—That Vox Pop letter from C. L. Vance sure set me afire, for in it he said: "The younger folks are refraining gradually from the 'pizen' now called liquor." His letter carried the caption: "Is Youth Drying Up?"

Michael P. Dugan

Yes, youth *is* drying up! Drying up the country of every drop of gin, booze, alki. Yes, even hair tonic.

Mr. Vance said: "Give prohibition five more years and it will enforce itself." Five more years of prohibition and the United States will go broke paying its officers to enforce prohibition, and losing the revenue which government control of liquor, such as Canada has, would bring.—*Michael P. Dugan, U. S. N. R.*

Bursting Out About Babies

CHICAGO, ILL.—What a world! What next? I'm referring to the article by W. H. (Bill) Rice.

When poor innocent babies are targets for money-making schemes, it is a darn' dirty, low-down crime.

Then a guy like W. H. Rice comes out and writes an article like his, as if it was something funny—something to brag about. I don't see anything so funny about this baby racket. I think it is an outrage.—*Georgette.*

From a Member of the Anti-Big-Name Club

HAVANA, CUBA—In my opinion, Liberty and other publications should judge contributions by literary merit only. Never mind who wrote the story. We all know many works by well known writers would never see print were they judged by merit alone.

Frank Rose

I suggest editors and publishers should judge a story or a book without even knowing who wrote it.

Then we might get real literary merit, since everything would be judged by its worth and not because it was merely sponsored by some notorious name.—*Frank Rose.*

Hitting Hitler

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—And so, according to George Sylvester Viereck's article, "When I Take Charge of Germany," when Hitler assumes control he will deport all the aliens, eh!

Poor Hitler! Did it ever occur to him that for every alien that there is in Germany there are 1,000 Germans earning their bread in foreign countries and sending money to their families in Germany? Did he ever realize that for every 100 aliens deported *from* Germany there will be 100,000 Germans deported *to* Germany?—*C. P. Redding.*

You're a Vox Popper, Too. Don't Forget That

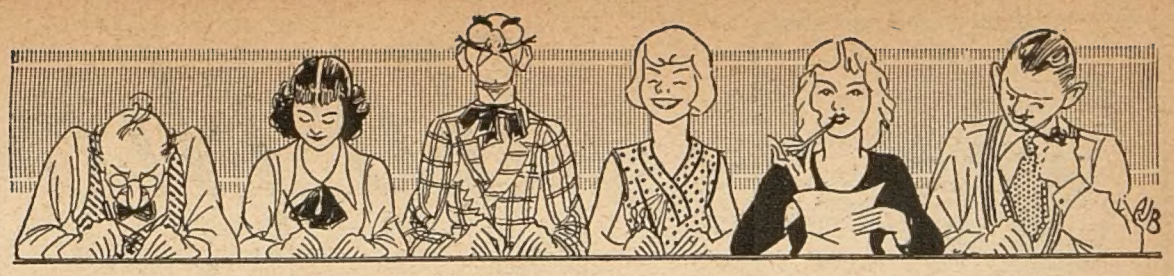
ROANOKE, VA.—It's a good thing that you don't put the Vox Pop page in the front part of Liberty. You'd never sell any magazines if you did.

What gripes me especially are those photographs of Vox Poppers, and some of their opinions. Why not teach a jungle ape the English language and

then get him to comment on Shakespeare's philosophy and opinions? That would be as good as some of these Vox Pop comments on recent articles.

There's a sucker born every minute, I hear. Well, more sales for Liberty! I'm a sucker, too.—*C. W. M.*

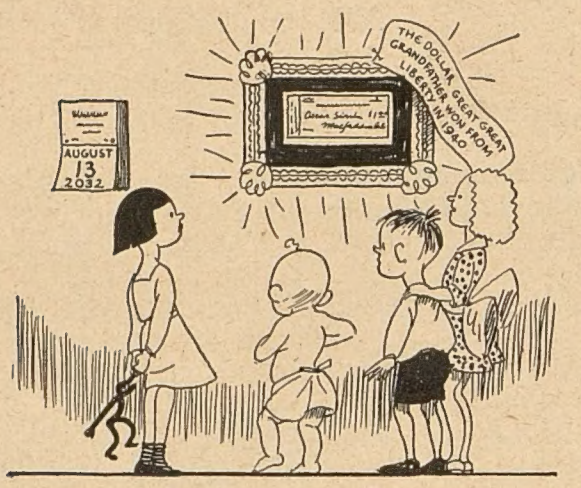
Pop



Yes, Unquestionably, Oscar. One Must

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am one of those Unconquerable Guys. When I set out to do a thing, I keep at it till I do it. I have been trying to win a prize in a Liberty contest ever since our big dog's mother was a girl-dog baby, and that's a long time ago.

I'm going to keep right on trying until, along about 1940, I win a prize of—



well, say one buck. Understand, it isn't myself I'm thinking about. When I win that berry I'm going to have it framed, and will it to my heirs.

After all, one can't be altogether selfish, down here below. One must do *something* for posterity, mustn't one?

No one will be able to say I didn't do my bit for my great-great-granddaughter's babies.—*Oscar.*

And Now Frank Takes the Joy Out of Life

MEMPHIS, TENN.—There was once a man who said, " Give me Liberty or give me death."

He died without knowing how lucky he was.—*Frank V. Green.*

So That's Off Your Chest!

TRENTON, N. J.—Have just finished reading, with great enjoyment, Mr. Benchley's " Yesterday's Sweetmeats," but unless I get this note off at once setting him straight in the mistake that he made in saying that the long, slender, ridged sticks of candy that he got in the drug store on Sundays were known as " calvesfoot " I will not be able to sleep peacefully tonight.

Please tell Mr. Benchley that the correct name is " coltsfoot " and I got sick more than once on the damn' stuff. To prove that I know what I am talking about, will mention that the Latin name is *Tussilago farfara;* the German, *Rosshuf;* French, *tussilage* and *pas d'âne.* It is also known by the names of foal- or bull-foot. To say nothing about coughwort, clayweed, and British tobacco.

That is all that I can think up for the present, but if Mr. Benchley wishes to specialize, I may be able to dig deeper in memory's well.

Please understand that it is *not* my intention to squelch Mr. Benchley but just to lend a helping hand.

Anyway, he should now be " all set " on coltsfoot.—*Doc.*

A Dozen Reasons Why Editors Go Mad

CINCINNATI, OHIO—All right—you think you're so smart, with your Twenty Questions.

Now, let *me* ask *you* some questions. Huh?

1. Why have all your illustrations colored *red?* I hate red.
2. How can you sell Liberty for a nickel?
3. How can you sell it at all?
4. Why not a good picture and short article each week on the man or woman of the week? You know—people who do things—fly oceans, sit on flagpoles, get elected, etc., etc.?
5. I like Mr. Smith's reviews. Why not print them the same year the pictures are shown?
6. Princess Kropotkin says that her peaches tasted like flannel. How does flannel taste?
7. And how do you know?
8. Who is Mr. Dreiser going to give h— to next?
9. Who started this back-to-the-farm quarrel, anyway?
10. Don't you feel silly reading this?
11. Then how do you think I feel?
12. If all the Vox Poppers were laid end to end—wouldn't that be swell?—*W. M. C.*

If the Meat Isn't Tender It's Tough on Us

EAST LYNN, MASS.—I am a young reader of Liberty and enjoy it more than cake or chocolate ice-cream sodas!

Clifford Colley

The other day I went to the meat market and bought some meat and was surprised to receive a Liberty when I paid my bill.

I asked the butcher what the idea was and he said that it was the only way to get rid of an oversupply of meat. From now on I'll get my meat there!—*Clifford Colley.*

Well, How About You Bringin' Home the Bacon?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Every week I buy a copy of your so-called magazine from my little boy because he sells it to me on time.

But I'm dissatisfied—even with that arrangement.

Please give my little boy something else to sell—something like a can of beans or a side of bacon—as I don't want to go any farther in debt for magazines.—*A. B.*

It's Printed as a Good Story, Not as an Indictment

NEW YORK, N. Y.—" Shoot and Be Damned! " has aroused indignation among the German population of the United States, as it was obviously released with the intention of destroying the achievements of the last peace treaty.

It is inexplicable logically to combine the provocations and antagonistic feelings brought forward in these articles with the fact that American and German veterans of the World War jointly march through the streets of this city in honor of the memory of those who did not return from the trenches with them.

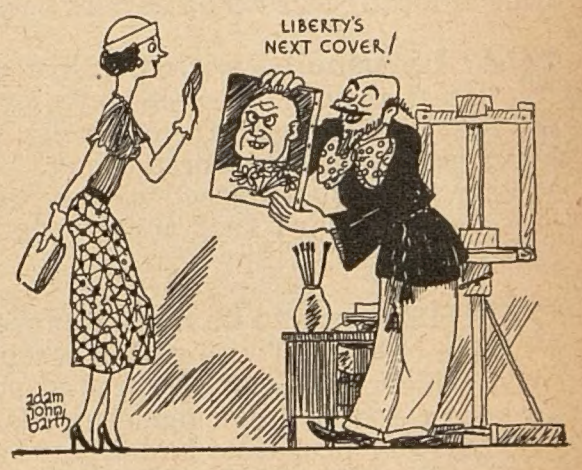
There is no doubt that the friendship between the United States and Germany has become more intimate from one year to the other, which fact has been repeatedly mentioned by some of the highest public officials of this country.

It is exceedingly regrettable that new dynamite should be thrown on an almost dead fire, especially at a time when America was preparing the first Olympic Games in this country after the war and had extended her invitation to more than fifty nations, including every one which belonged to the former war enemies.

We, the German-American Sport Alliance of North America, representing several hundred German-American sporting organizations all over this country, with a membership of more than thirty thousand, herewith protest vigorously against the contamination of printing these articles.—*Dr. Alfons Richter, Secretary; Peter J. Kesseler, President.*

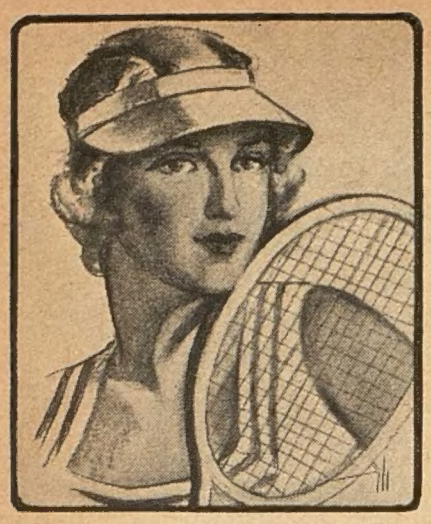
How to Get a Man for a Nickel

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—I want to make a suggestion—an important one. I'll bet my next week's Liberty that, if you adopt it, the sale of your magazine



will be greatly increased, since there are, you know, more women in the world than men. Here 'tis: Why not give the men a big break and put them on your covers for a while?

After all, their sex is fair, too . . . at times!—*Margaret Shaw.*



To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

ONE day an elegantly dressed young man accosted the driver of a vegetable wagon on the streets of New York. The driver had on one of those old felt hats such as trucksters and garage mechanics affect nowadays, the brim clipped short, the crown perforated fancily with cut-out designs. The boys trick these hats up themselves, as you probably know.

"Sell me your hat," said the elegant young man.

The owner of the hat thought he was being trifled with, expressed his resentment in no uncertain terms.

"I mean it," insisted the elegant one. "I'm Richard Barthelmess. I want to wear it in a movie."

P. S. He got the hat. Maybe you saw him wearing it in his picture, Beautiful City.

Richard Barthelmess

Richard Barthelmess does things like that. He's an ardent realist about his costumes. He grabs old suits out of pawnshops; has even bought a shirt off a man's back. Show him something that suits the part he's making up for, and he'll go after it.

When he played the part of a gob in a recent picture he couldn't figure out what to do with his hands, because sailors' pants have no pockets. So down he went, all the way to the naval base at Guantánamo Bay, where he hung around for days, finding out what real seagoing gobs do with their hands.

Mr. Barthelmess was on his way to Soviet Russia when I saw him in New York a few weeks ago. He's going to be in Russia only four days, but I'll bet he comes home with some commissar's leather coat or some droshky driver's cap.

Does a lot of foreign traveling. Always eats steamed clams just before he sails away. Always eats baked beans (out of a can) as soon as he gets back.

WALLS paneled with pigskin or calfskin are the latest invention of the interior decorators. I saw my first pigskin walls the other day while examining the luxuries of the newest ocean liner. The panels appeared to be made of some glazed creamy wood, and I was much surprised to learn that they were fashioned from the hides of pigs.

THERE seems to be no faster worker than a Scotsman in love. Twice within recent weeks I have come upon evidence of Scottish speed at popping the question. In both cases the man made up his mind to marry the girl the very first time he laid eyes on her.

One girl was on a steamer returning from Europe. In charge of a sick relative, she was bored and out of sorts. Her Scot saw her for the first time under these disadvantageous conditions. Nevertheless, after taking one look at her, he turned to his friends and said, without a moment's hesitation:

"There goes the girl I am going to marry."

That was twelve years ago. Their marriage has been a complete success. My other case occurred under circumstances very similar. The marriage that followed was ideal in every way.

Apparently these Scottish lovers have a gift for guessing right the first time.

RETAILERS of women's wear will be very glad when someone invents a mask (or muzzle) for us to wear over our ruby lips when we try on light summer dresses.

The dress stores lose thousands of dollars a year because of lipstick stains left on garments by women who try on several things before they find what they want. In many cases these stains will not come out.

Why women, who make up their lips twenty times a day, refuse to remove their lip rouge while trying on clothes is a mystery to me.

I believe we should be more considerate, especially in these days when the clothing dealers are having a hard time.

I BAKED a cake the other day. It came out very brown. A Hungarian girl was in the kitchen with me at the time. She looked at my cake and said, "You like dark men.

"In my country," she explained, "we say that a girl who browns her cakes or pies will be sure to marry a dark man. If the things she bakes come out pale, then she will marry a light-complexioned husband—a blond man."

This was an interesting superstition, I thought, and I gave my Hungarian friend another in return. I told her the one about girls who leave patches of dust behind them when they sweep the floor. Marrying bald-headed men is supposed to be their fate.

All of which makes housework very important. If you don't bake or sweep, you can't tell what kind of man you'll marry.

PEACHES Alexandra are not named after me, but they're very nice just the same. They are best suited to luncheons of the more elaborate sort. If you have all the ingredients ready in advance you will find this rather swell-sounding dessert easy enough to make.

Use good ripe peaches. Peel them and poach them in a thick sugar syrup. Flavor with vanilla and chill thoroughly.

Now crush some strawberries with a fork, add sugar, and chill also. The strawberry sauce *must* be thick.

Crumble half a cup of candied pink rose leaves. (You can get them at any confectionery store.)

Mold vanilla ice cream into a two-inch slab on a large handsome serving plate. Cover with the strawberry sauce; set the peaches (well drained) on top, and sprinkle the crushed rose leaves over all. Serve as quickly as possible.

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